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# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series,  
Volume LIX.

No. 2250.—August 6, 1887.

{ From Beginning,  
Vol. CLXXIV.

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Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

## BACK TO BUSINESS.

*Leo Britannicus loquitur:—*

WHOOF! Well, I am glad it's all over,  
Well over, and over so well.  
It was worth while abandoning "clover"  
For Trafalgar Square or Pall Mall.  
By thunder, I hadn't a notion  
How youthful I was, and how green,  
Till I thrilled with contagious emotion  
To "God Save the Queen!" "

A cynical coldness the vogue is,  
And yet my most dandified cubs  
Combined with the buffers and fogies  
Who thronged the hotels and the Clubs  
To crowd for the handiest places  
On that the great Jubilee Day,  
And yell, until red in their faces,  
A British "Hooray!!!"

Let pedants make mock of the yellers,  
*/ fancy the Jubilee shows*  
The town is more full of "good fellers"  
Than modish omniscience knows.  
Their notions nubibistic,  
But this is abundantly clear,  
That Britishers, urban or rustic,  
Still know how to cheer.

A crowd more good-tempered and jolly  
Has never stood hour after hour,  
With scarcely a sunshade or "brolly,"  
Beneath a broad sun at full power.  
The help those brave "bobbies" afforded  
Was noble, and free from all blame,  
And if they are not fitly rewarded,  
I say it's a shame.

Those Ambulance chaps, too, were splendid!  
The gentle and vigilant way  
In which on the crowd they attended  
Was one of the sights of the day.  
Bravo, sirs! When multitudes muster,  
Such help, unconstrained and unfe'd,  
Prompt, kind, without red-tape or fluster,  
Is service indeed.

Illuminate? Rather! My pockets  
Were plumbed pretty well. What a sight,  
When lanterns, and beacons, and rockets  
Made brilliant the Jubilee night!  
Big bonfires, the lavish employment  
Of fireworks, some dolts deem a bore;  
With a view to the people's enjoyment,  
*/ wish there'd been more!*

However, it's over, and now, sirs,  
To business I'm going to see,  
I must doff my fine Jubilee trousers,  
My mane and my tail must flow free.  
These frolics have been "a big order,"  
Which statecraft and trade did not shirk,  
(E'en the *Times* flourished forth with a border,)  
But now, boys — to work!

Punch.

## CHRISTMAS.

WITH garlands to grace it, with laughter to  
greet it,  
Christmas is here, holly-red and snow-white,  
Hung round with quaint legends, and old-as-life stories  
Of mystical beauty and lifelong delight;  
With dreams of the Christ-child, with Santa  
Claus fables  
Without doubts to trouble or questions to  
break  
The absolute faith in the triumph of goodness,  
In God and in Nature on guard for its sake;  
Without fear of death, with no memories of  
grief,  
Believing life clear as our cloudless belief;  
What wonder if rose-colored Christmas ap-  
pear  
As the happiest day of our happy child-year?

With the swiftness of thought, with the  
Spring's incompleteness  
Childhood has passed, and its place is filled  
up;  
Hope suns our youth into Midsummer sweet-  
ness,  
And the roses of love wreath our life's  
golden cup.  
We shall do — we shall dare — and our faith  
has no limit,  
Wrong must go down 'neath the sword of  
the right;  
And life is so joyous, and may be so glorious,  
And day looks so long, and so distant the  
night.  
We love — there are chances — and if we  
should meet  
The woman who holds all our heart at her  
feet  
At Christmas — would not that make Christ-  
mas more dear  
Than all other days of our love-lightened  
year?

With the sadness of tears, with the speed of  
the swallow,  
Youth has gone by, and its hope and its  
faith;  
Love has grown into grief, and remembrance  
is anguish,  
And down the dim years sound the foot-  
steps of death.  
There sit at our feast (for we still hold our  
revels)  
The phantom of hope and the spectre of  
truth.  
This life we believed in — how has it re-  
warded  
The passionate faith of our long-ago youth?  
Our hearth is deserted — our Christmas day  
seems  
But the ghost of a day from a lifetime of  
dreams.  
Oh, lost voices that call us, — we hear you —  
we hear!  
Oh, most desolate day of our desolate year!

E. NESBIT.  
Spectator.

From The London Quarterly Review.  
LOUIS XIV. AND HIS COURT.\*

VOLTAIRE, in his "Siècle de Louis XIV," devotes a chapter to anecdotes of the king and the court. He apologizes for this descent from the dignity of history, with the remark that the reputation of the king was so great that the most trifling particulars concerning him are more interesting to posterity than the revolutions of other States. He adds a comparison of true French arrogance. "One cares more to know what passed in the cabinet and court of Augustus, than the details of the conquests of Attila or Tamerlane." Had Voltaire lived after the Revolution he would probably have spoken with less confidence of the reputation of the king, who is now commonly regarded as an architect of ruin, and his long political life as a strenuous blunder. But it was not needful for the historian to offer an apology for writing of the court. During the reign of Louis XIV. the court was France. All the great movements of the time were guided by men who either resided or were often to be seen at Saint-Germain and Versailles. Those who stood outside the court circle were rather victims than actors in the events of their time. There had been brilliant courts in France before Louis XIV. The court of Francis I., and the courts of other of the Valois kings had been prodigal in their royal magnificence; but the court of Louis XIV. differed from them in this, that while his predecessors merely gathered their nobles around them at special seasons of festivity, his resided at the court, especially after it settled in the huge palace of Versailles, which, with its dependencies, accommodated more than ten thousand persons. In the days of Louis XIV. the nobility of France had lost the great position which they formerly en-

joyed, when their power rivalled that of the crown. They were worsted in the struggle with Richelieu, and in the wars of the Fronde, and they were well satisfied to leave their impoverished estates, and to become courtiers of the king. Louis was fitted by nature to make a good, or at all events an imposing, use of the materials which favoring circumstances placed at his disposal. He was born to be the head of a brilliant court; and in the glory of the court the old nobles of France almost forgot the degradation of their position. The credit of Louis XIV. is so fallen that we are apt to do him less than justice even in the one feature of his career which during his lifetime dazzled not only all France, but all Europe. We trust too implicitly to the Tacitus of the monarchy, the Duc de Saint-Simon. His memoirs, although not published in their entirety until 1829 — when, according to Sainte-Beuve, they were more widely welcomed than any books since the novels of Sir Walter Scott — were written during the last years of the long reign of the king. They describe the court in its decadence, and the author, moreover, was an acrid and disappointed man, who did not scruple to caricature the king and court which had neglected him. Louis in his best days was a great courtier king. He had dignity of appearance — a dignity which he derived from his Spanish mother — and his flatterers were able to say that the world would have recognized its master had he appeared with no royal name. But the dignity of the king had nothing repellent in it. He was gracious and affable to all, willing to listen to the tiresome suitor to his heart's content. The story that he once said, *J'ai failli attendre*, is probably an invention. He could wait, and wait patiently; he was one of the most patient of men under the monotony of court etiquette, and no one understood better than he the magical power of patience and gentleness in the bearing of a superior to those beneath him. When Louvois died, he took some pains to train his son Barbesieux to succeed him; but, writing to an uncle, he thus expressed his want of satisfaction with his pupil: "He keeps officers too long waiting in his

\* 1. *La Cour de Louis XIV. et la Cour de Louis XV.* Par J. DE SAINT-AMAND. Paris. 1887.

2. *Madame de Maintenon d'après sa Correspondance authentique.* 2 Tom. Paris: Librairie Hachette et Cie. 1887.

3. *La Coalition de 1701 contre la France.* Par Le Marquis de COURCY. 2 Tom. Paris. 1886.

4. *Louis the Fourteenth and the Court of France in the Seventeenth Century.* By JULIA PARDOE. In three volumes. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1886.

ante-chamber. He speaks to them with haughtiness, sometimes even with harshness." The combination in a royal personage of dignity with ease and affability was more rare in the seventeenth century than in our time. It was almost a discovery of Louis, whose only genius lay in the management of social intercourse ; for before his time kings had alternated between a harsh pride, which kept men at a distance, and the *bonhomie* of kings like Henry IV., who forgot his rank altogether. Louis XIV. also possessed the invaluable gift of silence. His courtiers might gossip in his hearing, and repeat the latest scandals ; but no one ever heard an incautious utterance from the king, which might have made mischief if repeated. This silence, we know, was the result of deliberate purpose. In the memoirs which he caused to be written for the instruction of his son, we find the remark that, while a sovereign has the right of doing anything, he has not the same right to speak. He must be more circumspect than other men with his tongue ; for what would be of no importance from the lips of a private individual becomes of consequence when spoken by a prince. Although Louis XIV. did not speak much, the fitting word was never wanting to him when the occasion required. Many of his sayings have become historical from their dignity and grace ; they rank high among royal utterances. What could be better than his words to the great Condé, who after a victory was ascending slowly and painfully the staircase at Versailles, at the top of which the king awaited him ?\* Better, or at all events more honorable to his heart, were the words he spoke, when himself an old man, to Villeroi, when the old marshal returned from Ramillies, covered, not with laurels, but with disgrace : " Monsieur le Maréchal, ou n'est plus heureux à notre âge." The magnanimity of the king was shown also in the chivalrous courtesy of his treatment of the exiled king of England. He was generous, lavishly generous, to his courtiers and to his servants, and had a long memory for services. This

may seem small merit in one who gave away what belonged to others, but Louis gave with a spontaneity and a graciousness which showed that it was a luxury to him to confer happiness, and that his heart was kind. It may seem incongruous to ascribe kindness of heart to a monarch who was responsible for the desolation of the Palatinate, and for the miseries of the peasantry of his realm towards the close of his reign. But the master who understood Versailles, and who ruled it with absolute sway, was himself governed by the opinions of Versailles ; he was unable to extend his sympathies beyond those with whom he was brought into immediate contact. Deficient in imagination, and, notwithstanding his proud obstinacy, wanting in true independence of spirit, he could never comprehend the needs or the sufferings of the "dim, common populations," who did not put in appearances at an *appartement*.

The master of ceremonies once said to Philip II. of Spain, when the king complained that too much attention was given to ceremony, "Your Majesty forgets that you yourself are a ceremony." Louis XIV. never forgot that he and his court were ceremonies, and that their reputation depended upon the imposing character of the ceremonial which surrounded them. All things were regulated by rule ; order reigned even in the most trifling pursuits, and the king and his courtiers hunted and rode with the solemn dignity of men performing a high and important function. The ceremonial which surrounded the king's person has been often described, and much ridicule has been cast upon it. Macaulay, in a lively passage in one of his less known essays, thus ridicules the court ceremonies : —

Concerning Louis XIV. himself, the world seems at last to have formed a correct judgment. He was not a great general ; he was not a great statesman ; but he was, in one sense of the word, a great king. Never was there so consummate a master of what our James I. would have called kingcraft — of all those arts which most advantageously display the merits of a prince, and most completely hide his defects. Though his internal administration was bad, though the military triumphs which gave splendor to the earlier part of his

\* "Mon cousin, lui dit le monarque, ne vous pressez pas ; ou ne peut pas monter très vite quand on est chargé, comme vous, de tant de lauriers."

reign were not achieved by himself, though his latter years were crowded with defeats and humiliations, though he was so ignorant that he scarcely understood the Latin of his Mass-book, though he fell under the control of a cunning Jesuit and of a more cunning old woman, he succeeded in passing himself off on his people as a being above humanity. And this is the more extraordinary because he did not seclude himself from the public gaze like those Oriental despots whose faces are never seen, and whose very names it is a crime to pronounce lightly. It has been said that no man is a hero to his valet; and all the world saw as much of Louis XIV. as his valet could see. Five hundred people assembled to see him shave and put on his breeches in the morning. He then kneeled down at the side of his bed, and said his prayer, while the whole assembly awaited the end in solemn silence — the ecclesiastics on their knees, and the laymen with their hats before their faces. He walked about his gardens with a train of two hundred courtiers at his heels. All Versailles came to see him dine and sup. He was put to bed at night in the midst of a crowd as great as that which met to see him rise in the morning. He took his very emetics in State, and vomited majestically in the presence of all the *grandes* and *petites entrées*. Yet, though he constantly exposed himself to the public gaze in situations in which it is scarcely possible for any man to preserve much personal dignity, he to the last impressed those who surrounded him with the deepest awe and reverence. The illusion which he produced on his worshippers can be compared only to those illusions to which lovers are proverbially subject during the season of courtship. It was an illusion which affected even the senses. The contemporaries of Louis thought him tall. Voltaire, who might have seen him, and who had lived with some of the most distinguished members of his court, speaks repeatedly of his majestic stature. Yet it is as certain as any fact can be, that he was rather below than above a middle size. He had, it seems, a way of holding himself, a way of walking, a way of swelling his chest and rearing his head, which deceived the eyes of the multitude. Eighty years after his death the royal cemetery was violated by the Revolutionists, his coffin was opened, his body was dragged out, and it appeared that the prince, whose majestic figure had been so long and so loudly extolled, was in truth a little man. That fine expression of Juvenal is singularly applicable, both in its literal and in its metaphorical sense, to Louis XIV.: —

Mors sola fatetur  
Quantula sint hominum corpuscula.

His person and his Government have had the same fate. He had the art of making both appear grand and august, in spite of the clearest evidence that *both* were below the ordinary standard. Death and time have exposed both the deceptions. The body of the great king has been measured more justly than it was measured by the courtiers who were afraid to look above his shoe-tie. His public character has been scrutinized by men free from the hopes and the fears of Boileau and Molière. In the grave, the most majestic of princes is only five feet eight. In history, the hero and the politician dwindle into a vain and feeble tyrant, the slave of priests and women, little in war, little in government, little in everything but the art of simulating greatness.

This is amusing caricature, but it is not a true historical portrait. If Louis XIV. was the ridiculous impostor whom Macaulay represents, how are we to account for his success as a social power? There must have been real qualities in the man who was able to survive the ordeal of a ceremonial so pompous enacted in the gaze of the most quick-witted people in Europe, specially prone to ridicule. Louis XIV. in his prosperous day was the object of almost idolatrous worship of his courtiers and of all Frenchmen. Nor was the admiration of the king confined to France. Strangers who came to Versailles from all parts of Europe, returned home to describe to their fellow-countrymen the grace and majesty of the French king and his court; and there was not a court in Europe which did not seek to imitate Versailles.

The elaborate ceremonial of Versailles had a meaning for those who witnessed it, which it is difficult for us to catch. As the ceremonial of the mass appears ridiculous to Protestants, the ceremonials of ancient royalty excite the ridicule of good Whigs like Macaulay. But in the days of Louis XIV. men believed in the divine right — almost in the divinity — of kings. The greatest divines and the most eminent lawyers taught that the king was an almost supernatural being — given by God to mankind to rule in civil affairs, as the pope ruled in the Church. The king was no more guilty of personal vanity in sur-

rounding himself with a stately ceremonial than the pope in doing the like in St. Peter's. Louis XIV. believed as devoutly in his sacerdotal royalty as the late pope in his own infallibility; and the elaborate ceremonies with which he surrounded himself were a tribute to his office. They were intended to teach the people to honor the king; and the ceremonies of Versailles occupy the same position in civil history as the religious orders and the ceremonies of the Catholic Church hold in ecclesiastical history. They were the outward and visible signs of ideas which we consider false and mischievous; but they were not mere freaks of personal vanity, as Macaulay appeared to regard them.

The order introduced into social life at Versailles, the elaborate and studied politeness of the court, became an influence which was felt in every part of France. Voltaire says that the standard of social intercourse was raised even in the villages; and the origin of the proverbial politeness of the French nation may probably be traced to Louis XIV. and his courtiers; although their politeness now appears as ridiculous to liberal Frenchmen as the piety of Simeon Stylites or of Saint Anthony.

Louis XIV. added to the charm of his court by the patronage which he extended to men of letters. These were always welcome, and were treated with distinguished consideration. They caused ideas to circulate in the court; and the courtiers who witnessed the plays of Molière and Racine, who read the satires of Boileau, and listened to the sermons of Bossuet were well provided with subjects of conversation. It has been often said lately that the services of the king to literature have been exaggerated. Many of the great literary men whose names adorn his reign were in the full maturity of their powers before he assumed the reins of government; and when he died, French literature, like everything else in France, was in a state of decadence. The reign of Louis XIV. was not favorable to the development of the highest kind of literature. Absolutism never is. But the king, although the representative of an evil system, showed not a little appreciation of good literature, although he regarded it as an ornament rather than a power. He protected Molière against the furious bigots, who would have sent the author of "Tartuffe" to a dungeon. The greatest comic genius which the world had seen since the days of Aristophanes was per-

mitted to ridicule pretence of every kind in the presence of the king, who is now regarded as himself nothing but a pretender. Nor was his good judgment in literature confined to productions of the stage. On the first occasion that he heard Bossuet, he wrote a letter to the preacher's father, congratulating him on having such a son; and Bossuet enjoyed his confidence to the last. He committed to him the education of his son, as later he entrusted the education of his grandson to Fénelon. Sainte-Beuve makes the acute observation, that the genius of Bossuet owed something to the sober sense of Louis XIV.; for while the sermons he preached before Anne of Austria were more florid in style, and not free from sickly sentimentalism, the sermons preached before her son are distinguished by sobriety and good sense, as well as by eloquence.

When we turn from the play to the influence it exercised upon the players, we must give a different verdict. The cult of royalty, as practised at Versailles, was splendid; and were we to concede the principle on which it rested, we might pronounce it admirable. But the influence was evil upon the characters of the chief and the subordinate actors. It is fatal to true nobility of character to give supreme attention to the externals of life. The old nobility of France lost their self-respect in the gilded chambers of Versailles. They became the lacqueys of the king. Their one object in life was to obtain posts and pensions; and flattery of the king, detraction of others, were the means they used to obtain them. This is not of course true of them all, but it was hard for a class of men, with no homely duties, and separated from the people by an impassable gulf, not to lose the homely moralities which preserve society from moral ruin. The king was subjected to constant flatteries, which were not the less dangerous that they were offered with the delicate ingenuity which is a gift of cultivated Frenchmen. On one occasion the king and Madame de Maintenon paid a visit to the Marquis d'Antin, at Petit Bourg. The marquis had beforehand sought an opportunity of inspecting the chambers of Madame de Maintenon at Versailles. He had observed everything, down to the books on the table; and when Madame de Maintenon entered the apartments prepared for her at Petit Bourg, she found an exact reproduction of her apartments at Versailles. The king praised everything highly, but expressed regret that an alley of beautiful horse-

chestnuts intercepted the view from his window. When he looked out of his window in the morning no trace was to be seen of the trees, which had been removed during the night by the orders of his host. It is not a matter for surprise that the character of the king did not improve under the insidious influence of the flatteries of his courtiers ; the courtesy and patience which he showed to the dull and stupid, to the unfortunate and the guilty, were not extended to those who ventured to tell him unpleasant truths. On one occasion the eccentric nephew of Cardinal Mazarin ventured to reprove the king in the following fashion : " Sire," he said, " St. Genevieve appeared to me last night. She is much offended by the conduct of your Majesty, and has foretold to me that if you do not reform your morals the greatest misfortunes will fall upon your kingdom." The king replied : " And I, Monsieur de Mazarin, have recently had several visions, by which I have been warned that the late cardinal, your uncle, plundered my people ; and that it is time to make his heirs disgorge the booty. Remember this ; be persuaded that the very next time you permit yourself to offer me unsolicited advice I shall act upon the mysterious information I have received."

The characters of the courtiers degenerated even more rapidly than that of the king. With no serious duties, they occupied themselves for the most part with trifles. Cruel practical jokes were common. Greed and jealousy were the ruling passions. The eagerness for money which the elegant courtiers showed was almost past belief. It became a passion which extinguished natural affection and the ordinary decencies of life. The father was no sooner dead — perhaps not quite dead — when the son was seen kneeling by the bedside of the king begging for a continuance of his posts. Miss Pardoe tells a shocking story of the Marquis d'Antin, the legitimate son of Madame de Montespan, the same courtier who entertained the king at Petit Bourg. When the unhappy woman was dying she sent for her confessor and her son. When the son arrived he learned that his mother was insensible. Without leaving his travelling-chaise he desired a weeping attendant, who presented herself to receive him, to bring his mother's casket to the carriage, as he should not alight ; the woman only replied by sobbing out that her mistress was at that moment in the death agony. " That is not what I asked," said the marquis

coldly ; " I inquired for her casket ! " The *femme de chambre* disappeared, and a few minutes subsequently returned, carrying a small ebony box clamped with silver. " Where is the key ? " inquired M. d'Antin. " The marchioness never entrusts it to any one ; she wears it about her neck." " Shall I then be compelled to enter the house, and seek it myself ? " he asked impatiently. " I fear so, monsieur ; for no attendant of the marquise could be induced to perform such an office at such a moment."

Without further comment the marquis sprang from the chaise, rapidly ascended the stairs, and entered the death-room, where his once beautiful mother lay gasping in the last struggle. With a steady hand he drew back the costly lace which veiled her bosom, seized the small key that rested on it, opened the casket, thrust all its contents into the pockets of his *haut-de-chausses*, and regained his carriage, without the utterance of one word unconnected with the absolute purpose of his visit.

Sometimes the desire for money led the courtiers of Versailles into acts that would have brought them into contact with the scruples of the law had they been humbler personages. At the grand ball given by the king at the wedding of the Duchess of Burgundy it was found that some persons were stealing the jewels of the guests. The king, on being apprised of the fact, desired a number of noblemen to disperse themselves among the crowd, and, if possible, to discover the thief. They observed a gorgeously dressed individual in the act of cutting away a portion of the dress of the young princess to possess himself of a diamond clasp. Without troubling themselves to ascertain the identity of their prisoner, they hurried him to the private closet of the king. Louis, on being informed that the thief was caught, retired for an instant from the throng, and upon entering his cabinet was painfully startled to find himself confronted with one of the great nobles of his court.

The king said to him, " Leave the palace on the instant ; I at once despise and pardon you."

The quarrels and jealousies of the courtiers were incessant. They quarrelled specially on questions of precedence. The memoirs of Saint-Simon, who himself felt strongly on the subject as an ancient duke of France, afford us some curious illustrations of the importance attached to questions of etiquette. The following re-

fers to a religious ceremony, and is wonderful in its way :—

After the elevation of the Mass at the King's communion, a folding chair was pushed to the foot of the altar, was covered with a piece of stuff, and then with a large cloth, which hung down before and behind. At the Pater the chaplain rose and whispered in the King's ear the names of all the dukes who were in the chapel. The King named ten, always the oldest, to each of whom the chaplain advanced and made a reverence. During the communion of the priest the King rose, and went and knelt down on the bare floor behind the folding seat, and took hold of the cloth; at the same time two dukes, the elder on the right, the other on the left, each took hold of a corner of the cloth; the two chaplains took hold of the other two corners of the same cloth on the side of the altar, all four kneeling, and the chaplain of the guards also kneeling; and behind, the King. The communion received, and the oblation taken some moments afterwards, the King remained a little while in the same place, then returned to his own, followed by the two dukes and the captain of the guard, who took theirs. If a son of France happened to be there alone, he alone held the right corner of the cloth, and nobody the other; and when M. le Duc d'Orleans was there, and no son of France was present, M. le Duc d'Orleans held the cloth in like manner. If a prince of the blood were alone present, however, he held the cloth, but a duke was called forward to assist him. He was not privileged to act without the duke.

The princes of the blood wanted to change this; they were envious of the distinction accorded to M. d'Orleans, and wished to put themselves on the same footing. Accordingly, at the Assumption of this year they managed so well that M. le Duc served alone at the altar at the King's communion, no duke being called upon to come and join him. The surprise at this was very great. The Duc de la Force and the Maréchal de Boufflers, who ought to have served, were both present. I wrote to this last to say that such a thing had never happened before, and was contrary to all precedent. I wrote, too, to M. d'Orleans, who was then in Spain, informing him of the circumstance. When he returned he complained to the King; but the King merely said that the dukes ought to have presented themselves, and taken hold of the cloth. But how could they have done so without being requested, as was customary, to come forward? What would the King have thought of them if they had? To conclude, nothing could be made of the matter, and it remained thus. Never since that time did I go to the communion of the King!

The Duc de la Rochefoucauld, who of all great writers gives the lowest estimate of human nature, studied it at the court of Versailles. The author of the terrible "Maximes" knew human nature, but knew

it at its worst. He is said to have been a kindly man—not an acrid misanthrope. But if so, his experiences of men must have been singularly unfortunate, for never did any writer display such a complete knowledge of the meanness and littleness of humanity, such complete ignorance of its heroisms and greatness.

Louis XIV. was not only the leader of the courtier throng at Versailles, but ruler of France. The formula, "The king reigns but does not govern," had not then been invented, and Louis was not disposed to be a *roi faineant*. It is almost certain that he never uttered the famous words, *L'état c'est moi*; but he believed them nevertheless, and frequently said the same thing in a less epigrammatic form. Until the death of Mazarin he did not take part in the government, but left everything in the hands of his great minister, who fore-saw, however, that the young king was likely to assert himself. He is reported to have said: "He has in him the making of four kings and one honest man." On the death of Mazarin, in 1661, the king summoned his Council. Addressing the chancellor he said:—

Sir, I have had you assembled, with my Ministers and Secretaries of State to tell you that until now I have been well pleased to leave my affairs to be governed by the late cardinal; it is time that I should govern them myself. You will aid me with your counsels when I ask for them. I beg and command you, Mr. Chancellor, to put the seal of authority to nothing without my orders, and without having spoken to me thereof, unless a Secretary of State shall bring them to you on my behalf. And for you, gentlemen (addressing the Secretaries of State), I warn you not to sign anything, even a safety warrant or a passport, without my command, to report every day to me personally, and to favor nobody in your monthly rolls.

For fifty-six years the king carried out the system of personal government which he thus sketched; and a writer whose opinion deserves the highest respect, M. Guizot, says that while he had some able ministers and some incompetent ministers, he remained as much master of the administrators of the first rank as if they had been insignificant clerks. It may be questioned whether Louis did govern so completely as he imagined, and as his admirers affirm. He was a very ignorant man, and there was an element of self-distrust hidden beneath his proud, wilful nature. The plans of ministers were more often accepted than the king allowed himself to suppose; but he never permitted it to be seen that he was being led. Ac-

cording to Saint-Simon, Le Tellier, the chancellor, once said of his master : —

Of twenty matters that we bring before the King, we are sure he will pass nineteen according to our wishes; we are equally certain that the twentieth will be decided against them. But which of the twenty will be decided contrary to our desire we never know, although it may be the one we have most at heart. The King reserves to himself this caprice, to make us feel that he is master, and that he governs.

This is not the procedure of a strong governing man with a definite policy; rather the device of a proud man, jealous of his power, and intent on seeming to govern. We mark the same spirit in the memoirs addressed to his son. He urges him to seek to maintain his own reputation before the world; and he affirms that he purposely chose less able ministers than he might have done, that the reputation of the ministers might not overshadow his own. He never doubted, and he could hardly be blamed for not doubting, that it was his sole right and duty to determine all the matters brought before him. To his grandson Philip V. of Spain he wrote : "Never suffer yourself to be governed. Consult your Council, listen to what they have to say, but take your resolution yourself. God will infuse into your mind knowledge." The king did not shrink from any labor in the service of the State. He was the most laborious of kings; and from youth to old age spent many hours daily with his Council or with individual ministers, and busied himself with details which might well have been left to subordinates. His love of detail was a fault rather than a virtue; and interfered with the larger grasp of affairs which less industrious monarchs have often displayed. He was destitute of political foresight; his views were those of the office, of the permanent official—the views of a man who thought that plans which had given so much trouble must be right. Even his indolent grandson showed flashes of insight as to the drift of events which the laborious king never displayed. It was this industry that led Lord Beaconsfield—who in matters historical judged things by the outside—to say of him : "Louis XIV., though a king, was one of the greatest ministers that ever lived; for he personally conducted the most important correspondence and transacted the most important affairs for a longer period than any minister who ever ruled."

The king was more under the influence of his "clerk" ministers than he permit-

ted himself to think, and they were not all of the mediocre character which he somewhat arrogantly attributed to them. Among them were two supremely able men—Jean Baptiste Colbert and the Marquis Louvois. Colbert had been employed by Mazarin, who recognized his ability; and he was made comptroller of finance by Louis in 1661, in place of the superintendent Fouquet, who was tried and imprisoned for dilapidations. Colbert found the finances of the realm in a state of confusion, and set himself to work to bring order out of confusion. He was a man of rough exterior—an object of ridicule at court, and possessed of little general culture. But he was capable, honest, and fearless. Perhaps all the true glory of a reign whose glories have been so much exaggerated, belong to the man who was ridiculed while he lived, and was so unpopular when he died, that his funeral took place by night to avoid public insult. He filled the king's exchequer by the redemption of *rentes* and by levying taxes over a wider area of the population. He encouraged commerce and industries. Manufactories for the making of cloth and tapestries sprang up under his fostering care. The roads in France, which used to be impassable, became the admiration of Europe. He founded great trading companies, and developed the maritime trade of France. Louis was pleased with the great schemes of Colbert; but he would not be controlled in the matter of expenditure. Colbert was not a mere utilitarian with regard to expenditure. He willingly found money for the encouragement of art and letters, and for the embellishment of Paris; for he recognized that such expenditure contributed to the honor of France. Louis cared little for Paris, in which he seldom lived. He preferred to spend money upon palaces in which he could live with his courtiers at a safe distance from the criticisms and railleries of the quick-witted Parisians. Colbert had to find large sums of money for building at Saint-Germain, at Fontainebleau, and at Chambord; but much larger sums were spent—we may say, sunk—at Versailles. It had been an insignificant place before the time of Louis XIV., but he determined to make it a great palace, in which he and his court might reside. The site was ill-chosen; it was so unhealthy that the workmen who performed the work died by thousands. It was ill-supplied with water, which had to be conveyed to it at vast expense; but the king was not to be turned aside from his purpose even by the op-

position of nature. Colbert repeatedly remonstrated about the expense, and wrote to the king that had he foreseen the expenditure would be so large, he would have advised the employment of cash orders, in order to hide the knowledge thereof forever. M. Saint-Amand, who is an admirer of the king and of his reign, narrates how, in the evil days of the Commune, he solaced his royalist soul by walking in the gardens of Versailles, and calling up before him the image of the stately king and his courtiers. Perhaps the connection between the Commune and the lavish king is more intimate than M. Saint-Amand recognizes. Colbert seemed to have had a prophetic warning of the possible consequences of the royal extravagances when he expressed a wish that the knowledge of the expenditure on Versailles might be hid forever.

Under the fostering care of Colbert the resources of France were developed, and the marvellous capacities of the country were made manifest; but while Colbert increased the revenue, the king increased the expenditure, and the king outstripped the minister. The great expense was of course the wars, which were incessant; and towards the close of his life Colbert wrote to his master that during the twenty years he had served the king, the receipts had greatly increased, but the expenses had much exceeded the receipts, and he entreated him to moderate and retrench. The king would not be controlled; and Colbert had to adopt financial expedients which he had discarded, and of which he disapproved, to pay for foolish wars and unnecessary building. He died before the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, when his best helpers, the industrious Protestants, were driven into exile; but he lived long enough to see that the policy of his master and Louvois would ruin the country which he loved. He died in 1683, filled with melancholy and despair. His loyalty to the king, whom he had served so well, was almost gone at the time of his death. He refused to read the last letter he sent him. "I wish," he said, "to hear nothing more of that man. Had I served my God as I have served him I should have been saved five times over, and now I know not what will become of me."

A modern writer has thus described Colbert and his work:

Colbert, in attempting to introduce a just system of taxation, was the predecessor of the statesmen of the Convention. The miserable crew of fine ladies and gentlemen around him cannot be said to have seen this: they saw

nothing; were incapable of seeing anything; but they felt it with the low animal instinct of self-preservation. They feared and they hated that heavy, dark, beetle-browed man, working at his desk fourteen hours a day, rigid and exacting to his underlings, to his own son as severe as to the rest, with his deaf ear and his harsh, gruff refusals to all their piteous appeals for comfortable sinecures; with his open eye, and his honest, hearty recognition of zeal and talent; with his utter indifference to quarrels of Jesuit or Jansenist, of Catholic or Huguenot; seeking only for men, in every sphere or class, in every trade and profession, who could and would help him in his grand design of advancing the peaceful well-being of the French nation.\*

Louis XIV. was incapable of entering heartily into the financial reforms of his great minister. He imagined that the people derived benefit from his lavish expenditure on luxury—an economic fallacy which has been repeated in times when men had less excuse for it than in the seventeenth century. On one occasion, when Madame de Maintenon asked him for money for the poor, he replied: "A king gives alms by spending liberally." Words precious and terrible, exclaims M. Say, which show how ruin can be reduced to a principle. The same fallacy was uttered in verse by La Fontaine:

Je ne sais d'homme nécessaire  
Que celui dont le luxe épand beaucoup de  
bien.  
Nous en usons, Dieu sait. Notre plaisir oc-  
cupé  
L'artisan, le vendeur.

The wars of Louis XIV. were incessant. Of the fifty-six years between the peace of the Pyrenees and the death of Louis in 1715, thirty-two were occupied with wars. Never was there less excuse for wars. Spain was no longer, as in the time of Richelieu, a menace to Europe, but was in a state of decadence. Germany was weak and divided; and Austria was in constant dread of the Turks. Louis nevertheless managed to embroil himself with almost every power in Europe; and so to excite fear and jealousy that in 1701 a great European coalition was formed against him. Louis XIV. was not a soldier, and had little scientific interest in war. He was not remarkable for personal courage in the field, and he had none of the love of fighting for fighting's sake which has led some kings into war. He found war the easiest method of gaining glory. In the memoirs addressed to his

\* France under Richelieu and Colbert. By J. H. Bridges, M.B. Edinburgh. 1866.

son, he says : "Fame is a blessing which princes ought to pant after more and more every day, and which alone is more effectually conducive than all other means to the success of their designs." The successes which attended his wars during the earlier part of his reign gratified the French people, exalted the reputation of the monarch, and arrested for a time the critical and destructive tendencies which had given anxiety to Mazarin during the regency of Anne of Austria. It was these successes that led Napoleon to say that Louis XIV. was the greatest king of France since Charlemagne. Success came easily to Louis XIV., for his enemies were weak, and he had in his service the greatest soldiers in Europe. The genius of Condé, and the science of Turenne and Vauban guided the operations of his armies in the field. As war minister, he had Louvois. This remarkable man re-organized the French army and rendered it the most efficient in Europe. Harsh and unscrupulous, but energetic and clear-sighted, he allowed no private interests to interfere with the service of the State; and as long as he lived success for the most part attended the French arms. He died in 1661, and even those who hated him and feared him, lamented him, because by his death France and the king had lost a great servant. His loss was great; for it was hard to supply his place, and he had created a state of things in which a large and efficient army was a necessity. It would have been better, however, had the king never employed Louvois. He was his Mephistopheles, as Colbert was his faithful Eckart, to borrow the language of German legend; he was always urging his master to great enterprises, and helping him to carry them out with masterly skill, but forgetful that a ruler cannot with impunity make himself an object of hatred and dread to all his neighbors. The great coalition formed against Louis was so formidable, and the reverses which the French armies suffered were so severe, when they had Marlborough opposed to them, that it was almost an accident that France was not reduced to the position of a second-rate power. A court intrigue in England, which ended in the downfall of the Whig administration and the fall of the Duchess of Marlborough, saved France from utter ruin, and preserved for the Bourbons the throne of Spain. The king had to thank the English Tories for the Treaty of Utrecht. On this occasion that party gave peace to Europe, and displayed a

moderation which their rivals were not disposed to show towards the French king.

In writing of the court of Louis XIV. we cannot altogether omit to notice the ladies who enjoyed his favor. During the first part of his reign — indeed until he reached the mature age of forty-seven — he showed a bad example to his court and to his people by the irregularities of his private life. He did not even attempt to conceal his infidelities from the public, who, it must be said, took a very lenient view of them. The standard of morals was not high, and kings were supposed to have a special exemption from the commands of the Decalogue. And the king could plead high examples; for the profane intrigues of the Archbishop of Paris were almost as public and notorious as his own.\*

But Louis XIV. was by no means destitute of conscience; he had a deep, if not an enlightened, sense of religion; he was, moreover, a lover of propriety. Although those about him did not dare to remonstrate, the king was never quite at his ease with regard to the irregularities of his life. The first person who ventured to censure the king was a bold priest of Versailles, Abbé Lecuyer, who in 1675 refused to grant absolution to Madame de Montespan, and to admit her to communion. The king, highly incensed, appealed to the curé of the parish, but the curé supported his vicar. Bossuet was next appealed to, but he decided that until a complete separation took place between the king and Madame de Montespan, she could not be admitted to communion. The king yielded, and the separation took place, but the reformation was short-lived. From that time, however, the king's dissatisfaction with his irregular life appeared to increase; and Bossuet did not cease to urge his counsels upon him — speaking at times, writes Saint-Simon, with a freedom worthy of the bishops of the ancient Church. After the death of his good and patient queen, who, he said, had never caused him any sorrow except by dying, the king married Madame de Maintenon. The marriage was private, and was never publicly acknowledged; but Madame de Maintenon had an influence in France such as no queen of France had possessed during the lifetime of her husband since the days of the Merovingian kings.

\* The devoutness of later years made Louis far more unpopular than the irregularities of his youth and manhood. "The public," says Voltaire, "who forgave him his mistresses, could not forgive him his confessor."

Madame de Maintenon was not a favorite with her contemporaries, and has got scant justice from historians. While the frail Duchess de la Vallière was treated with indulgent kindness—even the wronged queen was gentle to the erring duchess—the “grand and serious adventuress,” whom the king married in 1684, has always been the object of dislike and vituperation. That she was something of an adventuress cannot be denied; but her character was partly formed by circumstances which she had no hand in making. The granddaughter of Agrippa d’Aubigné, the friend and companion of Henry IV., she was nevertheless reared in squalid poverty. She displayed the independence of her spirit while a girl, by refusing to abandon Protestantism until she was convinced by argument. As a mere girl, she married the poet Scarron, a kindly libertine, who was more than twice her age. As his wife, she was introduced to intellectual circles in Paris, and at once attracted attention by her beauty and by her brilliant wit. Madame de Sévigné—no mean judge—pronounced her the most charming talker to whom she had ever listened. Rumor, probably mendacious rumor, asserted that as a young wife she was not more virtuous than some of the ladies with whom she consorted. She was certainly the intimate friend of the notorious Ninon de l’Enclos. On the death of her husband she was again reduced to great straits, and was saved from starvation by Madame de Montespan, who persuaded the king to continue to her a small pension which had been granted to her by his mother. The illegitimate children of Madame de Montespan were committed to her charge. At first she lived with them in retirement, but afterwards in the palace. Their mother and the king were delighted with the care and love she bestowed upon the children, to whom she became warmly attached. Over the king, who was at first prejudiced against her, she gained great influence. He sought her society. Her conversation, which was at once brilliant and marked by sound sense, entertained his languid mind. Madame de Montespan, not unnaturally, became jealous of the governess she had introduced into the palace.

Madame de Maintenon’s marriage with the king was never declared, although at one time the king was on the eve of acknowledging her as his wife. The ceremony took place in private; she had refused to accept the position of Madame de Montespan, but she so far silenced her scruples as to accept the position of

an unacknowledged wife. She always asserted that she neither sought nor desired her elevation. It is doubtful whether she really loved the king. Perhaps the person whom she loved best in the world was her disreputable brother, Comte d’Aubigné, to whom she wrote innumerable letters of kindly counsel, whose debts she paid repeatedly, and who requited her by amusing his companions with talk of the time of Scarron and the Hotel d’Albret, of the “gallantries and adventures of his sister,” and who would often drolly speak of the king as his brother-in-law.

Madame de Maintenon enjoyed the esteem of some of the best men in France, who completely trusted the integrity of her intentions, and approved of her position. Fénelon said to her that God had placed her where she was, and he counselled her to seek to influence the king, not by importunate entreaties or rebukes, but by the quiet influence of example.

Your zeal for the King’s salvation [he writes] should not make you overstep the limits which Providence seems to assign you. There are many things one must regret, but one must await the opportunities which God only knows, and which are wholly in His hand. You need not fear being false so long as you are conscious of such a fear. False people are not afraid of being false; it is only true people who fear lest they should fail in truthfulness. Your piety is honest, you have never fallen into the world’s vices, and have long since renounced its errors.

The true way to win grace for king and country is not to make a great stir or to weary the king with importunity, but to edify him by continual self-renunciation; to win his heart gradually by simple, hearty, patient conduct; by being as honest and as simple as a child. But to speak with warmth or bitterness, to be continually attacking him openly or underhand, to scheme and reform with worldly wisdom, is doing evil that good may come.

Fénelon has left an interesting and favorable character-sketch of her, addressed to herself, in reply to a request she made to have her faults pointed out to her.

It was supposed at the French court that Madame de Maintenon had an almost unbounded influence over the king, especially after the death of Louvois, who was her enemy. It was once said, in a circle where the history of the century was under discussion, that after the death of Louvois the next chapter should be headed “End of the Reign of Louis the Great,” and the succeeding one “Reign of Françoise d’Aubigné.” But if Madame de Maintenon exercised an influence over the king, she gained it in part by yielding to

him. She never contradicted him, nor pursued a course of conduct of which he disapproved. She discarded even friends whom she esteemed when they incurred the royal displeasure. She did not intrude her advice upon the king. He frequently worked with his ministers in her apartment. She sat silent, reading or working, and never spoke unless the king appealed to her. The king had the highest respect for her judgment. He said on one occasion, "The pope is addressed as 'your Holiness,' the king as 'your Majesty'; you, madame, ought to be addressed as 'your Solidity.'" Madame de Maintenon showed none of the arrogance of the successful adventuress in her elevation. She was quiet and rather sad in her demeanor. She gave one the idea, it has been said, of a woman who had worked hard, and felt she had not made much of her life. The king, in bidding her farewell on his death-bed expressed his regret that he had not made her happy. The court did not make people happy; and Madame de Maintenon, fond of intellectual society, was wearied with its monotony. She often spoke to her correspondents of the weariness of her life, and of the tedium of having to listen to interminable narratives of hunts. She writes :—

I can only secure a quiet moment by chance. Madame de Dangeau dines with me, and in all probability Madame d'Houdancourt also, who will request an explanation of our not eating everything that is served up. I shall lose patience; she will blush at my irritation, and I shall follow her example. The princesses, who have not attended the hunt, will come in, followed by their cabal, and wait the return of the King in my apartment, in order to go to dinner. I shall take no more interest in these visitors than I inspire. The hunters will return in a crowd, and will relate the whole history of the day's sport without sparing us a single detail. They will then go to dinner, and Madame de Dangeau will challenge me, with a yawn, to a game of backgammon, etc. Such is the way in which people live at Court.

Madame Maintenon found a sphere of congenial activity in Saint-Cyr, a great institution for the education of young women in the park of Versailles, founded by the king at her instigation. Thither she went almost daily. She taught the pupils, advised the teachers; and her counsels, full of wisdom, gentleness, and fine discernment, continue to be published in France in educational libraries. Her interest in education was genuine; and her interest in religion was not less so, although her remarks on the subject of religion are less pleasant to read than those on education.

There is a selfish self-seeking tone in her religious outpourings which quite accounts for her inability to understand Madame Guyon's and Fénelon's doctrine of disinterested love to God. Fénelon once found her reading his book, "Maximes des Saints," which was at the time exciting a lively controversy. "Here is a chapter," she said to him, "which I have read nine times, and cannot understand it yet." "Madame," replied the archbishop, with his usual charming frankness, "if you read it a hundred times you will not understand it any better. All mystical writings are obscure, and the court is not the best place in which to understand them."

Under the influence of Madame de Maintenon the king not only reformed the irregularities of his life, but became devout. The court followed its master; and henceforth Versailles was as punctilious in its devotions as in its etiquette. Lord Macaulay is very hard on the devoutness of the king and his courtiers. He writes of it :—

It was the boast of Madame de Maintenon, in the time of her greatness, that devotion had become a fashion. A fashion, indeed, it was; and like a fashion it passed away. The austerity of the tyrant's old age had injured the morality of the higher orders more than even the licentiousness of his youth. Not only had he not reformed their vices, but by forcing them to be hypocrites he had shaken their belief in virtue. They had found it so easy to perform the service of piety, that it was natural to consider all piety a grimace.

The king's devoutness unfortunately made him both a bigot and a persecutor, which was natural in one of his despotic temper. He persecuted Madame Guyon for her harmless, enthusiastic mysticism; and dismissed Fénelon from court and from his position as preceptor to the Duke of Burgundy, because he would not condemn Madame Guyon with sufficient severity. He also harassed and persecuted the Jansenists—the Puritans of France. But his persecution of the Protestants had much more serious results than his annoyance of the Quietists and the Jansenists; and was a crowning proof of his fatuousness as a politician. By the restrictions imposed upon them with regard to the liberal professions, the Protestants had been forced into trade; and most of the important industries of France were in their hands. It was one of the arguments of Bossuet against Protestantism that no Protestant country could ever be prosperous. His master was destined to provide

an answer to the argument of Bossuet by giving a sudden impulse to prosperity in all the Protestant countries of Europe. The revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1685 was the last of a series of vexatious measures adopted against the Protestants. All Protestant places of worship were demolished, ministers banished, and Catholicism imposed by force upon all Frenchmen. Between three and four hundred thousand men left the kingdom to carry their skill and industry into countries which were willing to afford them a harbor. The action of the king met with little disapprobation in France, and with much approval. The aged chancellor Le Tellier, as he signed the document upon his death-bed, exclaimed: "Now lettest thou thy servant depart, O Lord, according to thy word, in peace; for mine eyes have seen thy salvation!" The bishops of France approved the piety of the king, and Bossuet, in whom the king placed great confidence, gave his grand benediction to the work of folly and unrighteousness. The king added to the mottoes he had already adopted: *Lex una, sub uno.*

It has been argued from the Catholic point of view that the act of the king was at all events successful; and that Protestantism, which at one time threatened to possess France, has never been able to raise its head since 1685. This great gain to the faith is regarded by such writers as a compensation for the material losses which France suffered through the revocation. But the revocation raised up enemies to the faith more bitter and more dangerous than the most militant of French Protestants—enemies under whose yoke the Church of France suffers at the present moment. The intellectual refugees crowded to Holland, which opened a press to them in their own language. Among those refugees was Bayle, who had been Protestant professor at Sedan, and whose brother, a Protestant pastor, died in a dungeon at Bordeaux. In Bayle, and in his disciple Voltaire, the ecclesiastics of France found adversaries whose methods and whose success might well make them wish to recall the Protestant pastors whom they drove into exile.

The latter years of the reign of the great king were clouded with disaster. Abroad, at home, and in his own palace he received reminders that fortune had deserted him. His long wars had reduced his realm to a condition of misery. He met his misfortunes in a characteristic manner. No weak complainings against man or against Divine Providence escaped his lips. He

presented to the hostile world, and to his own subjects, with whom he became unpopular, the same aspect of dignified composure which he had shown in prosperous days. But he did nothing to remedy the evils of the time; and the few faithful counsellors who endeavored to come to his aid, and to enlighten him, only lost his favor. Fénelon had already lost the king's good-will, not only by his theological views, but by counselling him to live at peace with his neighbors, and to establish a condition of peace and good-will by restoring conquered territories to those from whom he had taken them. Perhaps it would be unjust to blame Louis XIV. for regarding the author of this advice as the most chimerical genius in his kingdom. It was hopelessly in advance of the public opinion of the century, and, it may be added, of our own century. When "*Télémaque*" was published—not by the author, but by a treacherous copyist, the king imagined that the author intended it as a satire on his own reign. And "*Télémaque*," of all books ever written, was regarded as dangerous and revolutionary in its tendencies; and the foreign enemies of the king insulted him by professing great esteem for Fénelon and admiration for "*Télémaque*." Another faithful servant of the king fell into disgrace through his zeal for reform. Marshal Vauban, the great engineer officer to whom the king owed more of his military triumphs than to any other except Turenne and Louvois, ventured to bring before his royal master the miserable condition of the poor. He had resided in every province of France in the discharge of his professional duties; he had a zeal for the public good "amounting to madness," according to Saint-Simon; and he had a tenderness for the poor and suffering unusual in a soldier whose life had been spent in war. By his inquiries he discovered that a tenth of the population of France were beggars; five-tenths on the verge of beggary; three-tenths deeply involved in debt, and only one-tenth well off. He embodied his facts in a book entitled "*La Dime Royale*," in which he made a number of financial proposals for the relief of the realm. He presented his work to the king in 1707. His master received it with cold displeasure; the book was seized, and Vauban died a few months afterwards. Racine also incurred disgrace by presenting to Madame de Maintenon a memoir in which he made proposals for the relief of the existing distress. The king was angry with the poet for meddling

with matters which did not concern him, and rebuked his presumption. It is impossible not to feel compassion for Louis XIV. amid the mortifications and disasters of his later years. His obstinacy excites more pity than blame. He was not unwilling to help the poor. More than once he sent his own splendid plate to the mint to supply the necessities of the State; but the ruin of France was too complete to be averted by princely munificence. The fault was as much, indeed more, that of others than of himself. France, rich in genius and in capacity, had committed to a single man the impossible duty of governing it by his sole wisdom. Lawyers and ecclesiastics had taught the unfortunate monarch that it was his right and his duty to decide all the manifold questions which came before him, of most of which he knew nothing. He had accepted in good faith his position and his duties; and in his old age he could not unlearn what he had been taught in his youth, and delegate his authority to more capable hands. A proud, obstinate, but at heart well-intentioned gentleman, with no higher capacity for government than an average English squire, he was the victim of a false position, as France was the victim of a false theory. It was not the fault of Bottom that Titania in her delusion took him for an incarnation of beauty.

The closing years of the king were clouded with domestic troubles as well as with public disasters. There had never been much sympathy between the king and the dauphin. The latter was a dull, uninteresting person, who was felt to be a failure as successor to a great king, and who himself fully shared in the feeling. He had been educated by Bossuet, who wrote for his instruction splendid treatises on history and politics, which still hold their place in the literature of France. But the dull boy was not to be quickened into intelligence by the genius of his preceptor. As a man he remained fond of the most childish amusements. He married a Bavarian princess, who was clever but eccentric; and she did not prove an attractive addition to the court. The dauphin and his wife entertained a prejudice against Madame de Maintenon, whom the former used to call his "absurd mother-in-law." The dauphin died in 1711. His son, the Duc de Burgundy, became dauphin of France; he was a very different person from his father. As a boy he had been wayward and passionate; but he was bright and intelligent, and had

an affectionate heart. The Duc de Beauvilliers was made his governor, and he selected Fénelon as his preceptor. A better choice could not have been made. Fénelon completely won his affection, and continued to maintain his hold over him so completely that when the duke became dauphin courtiers sought out the disgraced archbishop, under the impression that on the death of the king he would be the chief adviser of the new monarch. Fénelon for a time heard disquieting rumors of the conduct of his former pupil. He early learned the vices of the court; and Fénelon's letter to the Duc de Beauvilliers show how anxious they both were regarding him. The counsels of Fénelon were not without effect, and the son of Saint-Louis, whom he had so often exhorted, abandoned his evil courses, and became an example to the whole court. The Duc de Saint-Simon gives an interesting account of the change which came over the duke. He describes his early vices, his passion and pride, which was so great that he "looked down on all men from the sky;" his own brothers scarcely appearing to him connecting links between himself and human nature. He then adds: "God, who is master of all hearts, and whose divine spirit breathes where he wishes, worked a miracle on this prince between his eighteenth and twentieth years. From this abyss he came out affable, gentle, humane, moderate, patient, modest, penitent, and humble; and austere, even more than harmonized with his position." The king became much attached to his grandson, and took pains to prepare him for the duties of government. His wife, a princess of the house of Savoy, who came to court while yet a child, was a bright, charming creature, whose vivacity was the sole brightness in the sombre atmosphere of Versailles and Marly. The king and Madame de Maintenon were warmly attached to her, and she returned their affection. The nation took an interest in the heir to the throne, and understood his character. "A hope was cherished," says Voltaire, "that the new king would rule with the wisdom and disinterestedness of the ancient sages, and that his wife would temper his austerity by her grace and brightness." The hopes were destined to be disappointed; and the young Marcellus of France was taken away before the heavy crown was placed upon his head. In the month of February, 1712, the dauphiness was attacked with a mysterious ailment, and died after a few days' illness. A few days later, her

husband fell ill, and died on the 17th of February. A child became dauphin of France, the Duc de Bretagne, but he also died of the fatal disease; and the same funeral car conveyed to the vaults of Saint-Denis the father, the mother, and the child.

His brother, the Duc d'Anjou, afterwards Louis XV., was also attacked by the fatal malady, but he recovered. There was a universal belief in France that the princes were poisoned, and rumor fixed the crime upon the Duc d'Orleans. The unfortunate prince was addicted to chemistry; his character was bad; and in a court where every man suspected his neighbor it was not difficult to get credence for an evil rumor. The duke begged the king to send him to the Bastile, that he might be put upon his trial; but the king, who had too much sense to believe the rumor, refused. Three years later the king followed his grandson to the grave. He was weary of life. Conscious that his power was broken, that his popularity with his people was gone, he gladly quitted a world in which he once had been the chief figure. His natural children, whom he had legitimatized, quarrelled and caballed around him during the last years of his life; but they felt for him no affection. In these melancholy years the king seemed to have had a glimpse of the reasons of the decay of his glory and of the failure of his reign. The words he addressed to his grandson when he was dying may be looked upon as a death-bed repentance of his errors as a ruler. He sent for the child, and laying his hand upon his head, said: "My dear child, you are about to become the king of the greatest realm in the world. Never forgot your duties to God. Do not imitate me in my love of war. Endeavor to live at peace with the neighboring nations. Strive to relieve the burdens of your people, in which I have been unfortunate enough to fail." While he was dying, his courtiers were paying court to the Duc d'Orleans, the future ruler. Few seemed to regret the man who had loaded them with kindness. Madame de Maintenon watched by his bedside; but when he became unconscious, she departed for Saint-Cyr. The king recovered consciousness, and she had to be sent for; but she left him before he died, and repaired to Saint-Cyr. On arriving at the convent Madame de Maintenon was made conscious, by the altered manner of the superior, that although the monarch had not yet expired, her own reign was over. "Sir," demanded the

abbess of M. de Cavoie, when she had greeted her visitor with a cold and distant bow, "shall I not compromise myself and my community by receiving Madame de Maintenon without the permission of the Duc d'Orleans?" The captain of the guard reminded the superior with indignation that she was receiving the foundress of the community. Madame de Maintenon did not lose her self-control. She desired her pupils to be sent for; and when they arrived she made a speech to them, in which she declared her intention to live henceforth wholly for God and for her children.

The king died on Sunday morning, September 1, 1715. In intervals of consciousness he spoke, and although he suffered much, his courage and patience never forsook him. He frequently repeated the words: *Nunc et in horâ mortis.* At last, with earnest fervor, he exclaimed: "Oh, my God, come to my aid; and hasten to help me!" He never spoke again. As soon as he expired, the captain of the body-guard went to a window of the State apartment which opened on the great balcony. He threw it suddenly open, and raising his truncheon above his head, he broke it in the middle, and throwing the pieces among the crowd in the courtyard, exclaimed in a loud voice: "The king is dead!" Then seizing another staff from an attendant, without the pause of an instant, he flourished it in the air as he shouted, "Long live the king!"

From Murray's Magazine.  
MAJOR LAWRENCE, F.L.S.

BY THE HON. EMILY LAWLESS.  
AUTHOR OF "HURRISS, A STUDY," ETC.

#### BOOK IV.—BACK AGAIN.

##### CHAPTER I.

OVER the proceedings of the next six years John Lawrence's chronicler may be allowed to pass with a hasty step. Within a few months of his return to India he received that staff appointment of which he had spoken to Lady Mordaunt—one of those posts beginning with the words "Deputy Adjutant," which to non-military ears all sound precisely alike. It was a good appointment, and a well-paid one, as Indian appointments for the most part are, and he remained in it for some three years, and would have remained another two but for a call to return to his regiment, in order to grapple with one of the

worst onslaughts of cholera which had visited that part of India for a quarter of a century. The colonel was away on leave; the next man in command fell ill, and John Lawrence hastily decided to resign his own appointment and return with all speed to his post in the regiment.

That he did not himself succumb to the malady it is needless to say, but when the worst was over, and the foul fiend had withdrawn, glutted, if not satiated with its tale of victims, his strength was at a point of prostration which in all his previous vigorous manhood he had never even imagined approaching. He had a touch too of jungle fever, and the two together brought him very low, so low, that the doctor insisted on complete cessation from all work as his only chance of thorough recovery. He fought against this decision as long as he could. Deep as was his dislike of India — a dislike which seemed to increase with every year — there were many reasons that made him anxious to remain where he was for the present, and to resume his staff appointment. There came a moment, however, when the doctors became peremptory. It was go or die, they said, and on the whole it seemed better, therefore, to go. Colonel Lawrence — he had become a brevet-colonel, by the way, two years before — received a twelvemonth's leave, with an understanding that more would be forthcoming should it be needed, and about the middle of March set sail in a P. and O steamer from Bombay.

His first intention had been to take passage in a troop-ship, but this virtuous resolution he at the last moment threw over, and elected to return by the costlier and more expeditious route. He had a wish — into the motives of which he did not take the trouble to dive too deeply — to return to England as he had left it, namely *vid* Italy, and in this he had been encouraged by the doctor, who warned him against confronting the proverbial treachery of an English April.

It was the mere ghost of John Lawrence that came on board, but the voyage and his own good constitution between them performed wonders, so that by the time he disembarked at Venice he began to look upon himself in the light of an impostor, and to ask himself whether, if this state of affairs proved permanent, honesty would not require him to cancel his own leave, and return to his duties with as little delay as possible.

The six years which had passed since his return had produced changes in his

position in more ways than one. If he still did not love his banishment, at least he endured it better. For one thing, he had grown to find that interest in his profession which a fairly intelligent man can hardly fail to find in any work, however little originally sympathetic, into which his best capabilities are perchance driven. For the first time, too, those capabilities had found recognition. He stood high in the regard of those under and with whom he had worked, and in whose hands advancement lay. His career in India was a widely different thing from what it had been when he had last breathed Italian air. If his health lasted, he had only to return, and, within the limits of that branch of the service to which he stood committed, there were few posts that might not, sooner or later, be open to him.

On the other hand, his home ties had suffered the fate of all ties which are divided, not more by distance than by an utter severance of all interests and pursuits. His younger brothers he had not heard of for more than a year. They were well, he believed, and prosperous, he hoped, but beyond that he knew little or nothing about them. His step-mother, and her two little girls, were settled at Brighton, to their own apparent satisfaction. His brother William, with whom he had at stated periods interchanged letters, had migrated to another parish not far from a cathedral town. Lady Mordaunt, the only person with whom he kept up a steady correspondence, was settled, he knew, in her old home in Devonshire, and, in spite of those prognostications which had heralded his departure, was well, and likely to welcome him with as vigorous a kindness as she had done eleven years earlier.

Through her he had been kept fairly *au courant* as to the proceedings of the other members of her family, though there was a tone of reserve about her letters of which he had not in earlier days been conscious. Her granddaughter's marriage had taken place some six months after he had sailed, and she had therefore now been married a little over five years.

There were two children, a girl and a boy, about whom their great-grandmother wrote in terms of modified grandmotherly raptures. Algernon Cathers's health was occasionally alluded to, and he gathered that it was a source of some anxiety to his wife, though nothing was said that led him to suppose that there was any actual call for alarm; indeed John Law-

rence had heard so much in his time about Algernon Cathers's ill-health, that the conclusion he had rather uncharitably come to was that a full half of it was imaginary, and that he was destined to outlive most of his less-talked-of contemporaries.

Lady Mordaunt's habitual frankness had not gone the length of lifting the veil which shrouded her granddaughter's married life, so that he had been left to gather such intimations as he could by that irritating process known as reading between the lines, one which results, we all know, in alternative and often diametrically opposite impressions, according to the frame in which we happen to approach it. Throughout his journey, the idea of returning to England *via* Genoa and Marseilles, and in that case of halting at Mentone, where the Catherses were still, he knew, encamped in their winter quarters, had presented itself with much iteration to his thoughts. He could not, however, resolve upon doing so. He wished, yet shrank from it. The idea of knocking at that particular door; being shown in; finding them together; going through the forms of cordiality; seeing himself — however temporarily — a guest under Algernon Cathers's roof! No, he said to himself, no. There were some things a man could not do, which no man ought to ask himself to do.

Although the first tide of love, and wrath, and impotent hatred had long since ebbed away and given place to healthier and more reasonable sentiments, there was enough soreness still to make him shrink from exposing himself to such an ordeal. To see them together would be productive of one of two things. Either he would grow reconciled, which could hardly fail to entail some loss of ideal, or he would not be at all reconciled, and the old wounds would begin to bleed afresh, the old bitterness be accentuated tenfold. If he were to see her unhappy, perhaps even unkindly treated by that — *that* — Years, it will be observed, had not diminished the vigor of our hero's prejudices, and that significant blank, — more expressive perhaps than the most opprobrious epithets — was still what in his own thoughts he oftenest applied to Eleanor Cathers's husband. A man may be robbed of what to him represents all womankind, yet, after the first rush of rivalry, cease to detest his rival. In John Lawrence's case the elements were less simple. He would have disliked Algernon Cathers, probably, in any case, but his dislike had been increased and multiplied tenfold by

suspicion. He suspected him of he knew not what, and even now, when years appeared to have disproved his suspicions, he suspected him still. If with an effort he could have got over this dislike he would perhaps have done so, but he knew himself better than to suppose it possible, and therefore made no such futile attempt. It was with these alternate impulses plucking with little diminished energy at his heart, that he arrived one gusty April night at Genoa, leaving the further direction of his journey still undetermined.

His train was late, and the transit to the hotel was accomplished in a huge rattling omnibus which smelt of boots, and none of the windows of which could be induced to open. He was the only passenger, the big unwieldy thing rocking its way between walls which rose like beetling crags upon either side of the narrow street. The hotel too, when attained, proved of size proportionate to the vehicle belonging to it. And when, having swallowed a hasty meal, he was conducted to a gusty cavern of a bedroom, and left there to the light of a single candle, half extinguished by the gusts which swept through door and window, he retired to bed in a frame of mind distinctly the reverse of amiable.

Next morning, however, brought relief. His sepulchral bedroom proved to be provided with a balcony, upon which, on the strength of his invalidship, he allowed himself to breakfast. The sun shone; the air was warm, yet tingling; below him the sweep of the harbor extended itself in all its magnificent amplitude, the new pier stretching out a friendly arm to meet its older and less imposing brother. Our colonel felt a sudden desire to inspect all this at closer quarters, so sallied out prepared for enjoyment, and determined to find it.

As his biographer has before remarked, he was not artistically gifted, and things had need to be very picturesque in order to impress themselves upon his mind as such. Genoa, however, upon this occasion performed the feat — perhaps because he was in the mood to allow it to do so. He told himself that he liked it better than Venice, a sentiment which, I fear, displays the depth of his aesthetic depravity. The fact was that his long-continued spell of weakness and depression had suddenly taken an upward turn, and Genoa reaped the credit. Convalescence is a period either of great depression or of great exuberance, and having long been the former, it had now become the turn of the latter.

He felt well, or upon the highroad to be well; he felt, too, that blissful premonition of happiness which comes to us sometimes by the merciful favor of heaven without a grain of anything in our circumstances to call it forth. He revelled in the sense of being once again on European soil, and he looked towards the line of Rivieran headlands melting one behind the other, with a tenderness which for the moment carried no bitterness with it.

Tired at last of the clatter and jostle, he lounged up the broad steps of the *Terraso di Marmo*, and sat down on a stone bench in one of the small recesses that break the long line of its marble balustrade. It was very still and hot, too hot by half for any one not already seasoned to a yet fiercer radiance. The broad white expanse wore an odd resemblance to a sheet of ice, starred by small cracks, and glittering under a sunshine which awakened queer distorted reflections like sudden impish smiles at the corners. Upon the whole expanse not a creature was to be seen except a slovenly girl, with a red-and-green plaid shawl over her black head, who was sauntering along with a listless, slipshod step, munching cherries as she went, and throwing their stalks away over the marble parapet. Between the pillars of the balustrade he could see into the arcades below, in one of which some men were beating and twisting bars of red-hot iron, the red glow of the forge behind giving them no little resemblance to some of those painstaking demons we see in certain of the great damnatory canvases. The colonel did not think of this, but it struck him they must be deuced hot down there.

When he looked back the *Terraso* was no longer deserted. The woman with the plaid shawl had departed, but four other figures had taken her place, and were advancing slowly towards him over its smooth expanse. These consisted of a tall lady, carrying a large white sunshade and leading a little girl by the hand; a stout personage, evidently a nurse, who, when John Lawrence first perceived the party, carried a child in her arms, which, being set down upon its feet, had begun to toddle with fat uncertain legs over the pavement, its diminutive shadow waving an uncertain and wobbling accompaniment upon the gleaming surface.

The lady with the sunshade advanced directly towards him; the little girl—a tiny, elfin-like creature, with a mass of fair hair set on end like an electrical doll—running beside her. Both were looking

out over the harbor, as if amongst that inextricable mass of boats, sails, and spars, seeking to distinguish some one sail or spar in particular. When nearly on a line with him, she glanced carelessly towards him, and was in the act of passing on, but seemed suddenly arrested as if struck by some singularly vivid resemblance, the next minute averting her gaze as if aware of having made a mistake. She had not gone half-a-dozen steps, however, before she again paused, and looked back with an air of uncertainty. The colonel, on his side, had risen, and was looking after her with a vague stupefaction, a growing bewilderment, through which faint thrills of memory were beginning to throb and burn. This time the lady no longer hesitated. She turned round, letting the child's hand go as she did so, and advanced towards him, with the liberated hand extended.

"Surely you will not tell me that I am mistaken! Surely you *are* Major Lawrence?" she said.

"Lady Eleanor!" It all rushed over him like a flood, without warning, without a single moment's breathing-time. Now that she had spoken, recognition followed as a clap follows a flash. Even now, however, he could hardly blame his own amazing stupidity, so greatly had she altered. She was always tall, but even her height seemed to have changed its character, the six years that had intervened having robbed it of all that youthful angularity which had made it a defect rather than an embellishment. Her face, too, had greatly changed, and changed, there was no question, immeasurably for the better. There had been far less difference between the child of twelve and the girl of seventeen, than there was between the girl of seventeen and the woman of twenty-three. She was a beautiful woman now, strikingly, unquestionably beautiful, far more so than she had promised to be. And yet—so strangely are men made—the first effect of his recognition of this realization was a sudden sense of intense disappointment, followed almost instantly by one of relief. He had dreaded this meeting, dreaded it more even than he had avowed to himself, but now he suddenly perceived that he dreaded it no longer. Elly Mordaunt—the child, the girl whom he had loved and lost—was gone, vanished. It was as though she had never existed. This beautiful, stately, benign-looking young woman who stood before him was not his Elly at all. She was Lady Eleanor Cathers, quite a differ-

ent person, another man's wife, and the mother of these children; no more perilous to his peace of mind, he told himself, than yonder mosaic Madonna up on that palace wall, and in the exhilaration produced by this sudden realization he was able to respond to her greeting with a warmth and appropriateness which he would otherwise have found impossible.

She, however, was the first to speak.

"This is wonderful!" she exclaimed. "I cannot help feeling that I am speaking to a ghost! When did you leave India? It was only the other day that my grandmother wrote to say that she had heard from you, and that you had been ill, but not a word about your coming home."

"No, it was a sudden thought. I seemed to be getting worse, so was packed off without being allowed an opinion on the subject. Now I find that, as I suspected, it was all a mistake, and that I am here under false pretences. In fact I think I am bound in honor to return."

"I wouldn't do that. I don't think you look at all too well."

"Well, I am not starting immediately, at any rate. And you, Lady Eleanor? I can hardly believe in my own good fortune. That within two days of my landing in Europe, I should meet you face to face! If it is strange to you to see me, think what it is to me to see you."

"Oh, but my being here is not really so strange," she answered in her old serious, eager tones. "We are often in Genoa. It is not far, you know, from Mentone, and my husband likes moving about. He gets tired, naturally, of the long dull winter always in the same place. I have left him now at the hotel, and came with the children to look for the yacht. It was to have come in last night from Mentone. Jan, darling, come here and speak to this gentleman. Do you know this is a very, very old friend of mother's, who knew her when she was very little older and not much wiser than you are?"

Jan, whose big eyes looked up with an air of preoccupation from under her cloud of hair, was a wee child with a small old-fashioned face, too pale to be pretty, but with an air of preternatural wisdom which belied her mother's words.

"How do you do?" she said in a small, distinct voice, with the due emphasis upon every separate syllable. "Please, where is the Veda?" pointing a small finger anxiously towards the harbor.

"Jan's one thought day and night is the Veda," her mother said, smiling. "I say we keep it for her benefit, for my husband

is so seldom able to go sailing. No, Jan dear, this gentleman does not know where the Veda is, and we must wait till we get back to find out where she was to anchor."

"How old is she?" the colonel enquired with a smile.

"A little past four. She is a mite, is she not, even for that age?"

"She looks very big to me when I remember that she is your daughter," he answered.

"Ah, yes! It makes one feel very old, doesn't it?" she said lightly; after which there was a moment's pause.

"You will come back with us to the hotel?" she added entreatingly. "You cannot imagine what a happiness it is seeing you again. Do you know I was feeling this morning as if something pleasant was going to happen? One doesn't often have that feeling, once one has left off being a child, does one? but to-day, oddly enough, I had."

"I had just the same," he answered, smiling.

They went down the broad steps, little Jan still turning wistful eyes towards the sea, and pulling at her mother's hand to make her go slower. An open carriage was waiting at the foot of the steps, into which they all got; the children first, then the nurse, then Lady Eleanor and the colonel. It seemed to him the strangest piece of unreality to see her settling them upon the seat opposite, ascertaining with all a mother's solicitude that the wraps were properly tucked round little knees, and the parasols tilted at exactly the right angle to hinder the sun from striking upon small eyes blinking up at the daylight. Was it, could it be Elly Mordaunt? his own wild, untamed, untamable Elly? he asked himself; she who as it seemed only yesterday was a child herself? Or was he indulging in the strangest, the most extravagant of day-dreams? Surely, surely the latter!

## CHAPTER II.

THE hotel to which they were driven was at some distance from his own, and was situated in one of the larger squares. The Cathers' rooms — a much-decorated suite, with enormously heavy gilt furniture — were upon the first floor, and were approached by a staircase hung with pictures, more gorgeous, perhaps, than valuable. Young Mr. Cathers was lying upon a sofa near the open window, but sprang up immediately upon their entrance, and shook hands cordially with his wife's companion.

No, know t till as to uired te, is I re " he y old, which o the You it is was leas- esn't s left -day, ered, little the d to rriage into then the gest hem with raps nees, right upon light. his ? he only as he ex- urely even and res. ated ture ap- ures, able. sofa im- hook nion.

He had not changed much, the colonel thought; his complexion was more waxen, and he was thinner than he had been, otherwise there was not much difference. He was nearly as handsome, and as soon appeared not a whit less conversational than of old.

There was a great clatter of buying and selling going on under the windows, the greater part of the piazza being littered with cabbage-stalks and other odds and ends of greenery, with men and women, too, engaged in pulling down and packing up numerous booths and movable counters. It seemed to offer a natural topic of conversation, and John Lawrence made some remark about it. Algernon Cathers at once took up the lead.

"Insufferable, is it not?" he exclaimed, seating himself again upon his sofa with an air of dramatic despair. "Italy is the noisiest country in the world, and Genoa the noisiest town in Italy, and this hotel the noisiest in all Genoa! We have changed our rooms three times since we arrived here, but always for the worse. When we first came our bedrooms looked to this side, and the roaring and rattling continued till long past midnight, and began again with the first ray of daylight. Then — thinking that nothing could well be worse — I made them move us to the back, but if I did I found that a *vicolo*, as I believe they call the thing, runs exactly there, and up and down it the people pour, stopping now and then to cluster under the window in knots to discuss the welfare of Italy, added to which the infernal thing is paved with stones or bricks, which stick out in ribs all the way down, so that every truck and barrow that passes seems to be going jog, jog, jog, over your unfortunate vertebral column. Then, thinking that we must at last have attained the uttermost depths of pandemonium, I made them change us once again, but I find that there are huge iron cages full of cocks and hens fastened on to the outside of the house opposite — about two feet away — and the cackling and crowing of those miserable fowls is enough to cause the very dead to rise up out of their graves to swear. I wanted to practise at them with a saloon pistol, but Lady Eleanor wouldn't hear of it, and the hotel manager wrings his hands and declares that he can do nothing, as they don't belong to him, so there is nothing to do but put up with it as long as we stay, and oscillate from one room to the next, according as the noise becomes more endurable upon one side or the other. At present it seems to be

worst here, so I vote we move to the other sitting-room."

"It will be better soon; the market seems nearly over, Algernon," said his wife.

"Better! But for how long? You people without nerves don't know your own good fortune! I believe you'd as soon have the cocks and hens as not. Meanwhile it must be luncheon time. You'll stay luncheon, major, of course?"

But the colonel hastily excused himself, declaring that he never ate luncheon.

"Not even if you call it tiffin? I thought all Indians ate tiffin. Anyhow, don't go, or we shall lose sight of you forever. What were you going to do this afternoon? Can't we combine and go somewhere together? For Heaven's sake, don't desert us. Remember we are stranded mariners, and that you are a friendly sail that has just hoven in sight."

"I was thinking of going to the Campo Santo. That seems to be one of the sights," John answered.

"The Campo Santo! That's a lively place for a man to go to! The doctors tell me I shall take up my residence there soon for good and all, if I don't mind, so I think I'd better keep out of it as long as I can."

"Oh, yes, don't let us go to the Campo Santo!" Lady Eleanor said hastily.

"After all, though, I don't see why not," her husband rejoined. "It's one of the regular Genoese sights, as Lawrence says, and having been here some twenty times, it seems rather a disgrace never to have seen it. Who's afraid? I'm not. If you and the major — Not major? What then? Oh, of course colonel, thousand apologies! If you and the colonel will take your chances, I am game to do so. You can take that portentously serious little daughter of yours too, if you like. Such a piece of solemnity will be quite in her place amongst the tombstones."

The colonel looked apologetically at Lady Eleanor. He was sorry he had mentioned the place, as it was evident that she had a dislike to going there. She made no further objection however.

"What o'clock shall we order the carriage?" she enquired of her husband.

"Any hour Lawrence likes. He is the visitor, the passer-by. Happy man! I only wish I was. We are the logs, which stick in a backwater while all the rest go floating by."

The carriage was standing before the door of the hotel when, an hour later, John

Lawrence returned, and they were speedily driving between the unattractive-looking houses which congregate about the Porto Romano, and through that aperture into the sudden view of fort-crowned hills which surround the town. The horses were so good, the carriage rattled over the indifferently paved road at such a remarkable pace, that he could not forbear remarking upon it. The mystery became less surprising, however, when it was explained that carriage and horses were the Catherses' own; they had brought them with them from Mentone. "It saves a world of bother," their owner explained.

Getting down at the entrance to the cemetery their passage was impeded for a moment by a stout gentleman with a broad red neck and large white necktie, who, upon turning round, was greeted by the Catherses as Mr. Nokes. From the conversation that ensued it appeared that this gentleman was also a winter inhabitant of Mentone, where he had left his family, to come away for a few days' relaxation; indeed, the colonel, to whom he was introduced, thought that he vaguely recollected his face as that of one of the *habitués* of Lady Mordaunt's salon.

Lady Eleanor, who seemed anxious to keep by her husband's side, led the way with him into the open part of the cemetery, the other two gentlemen following, little Jan running on ahead, and pausing every now and then, like a small pointer, to stare solemnly at some object which caught her attention, looking back as she did so at her mother, to make her examine it too.

"Your first visit to these parts, Colonel Lawrence?" Mr. Nokes enquired hospitably. There was something genial about his rubicund, singularly ugly face, close-shaven like a Roman priest's, but in which the fatherly element seemed to predominate over the sacerdotal.

The colonel explained that he had passed through Genoa before, but that circumstances had then obliged him to hurry, so that he knew little or nothing of its attractions.

"Ah—interesting town, very! Now this place"—glancing comprehensively at the long grey corridors and central space bedotted with tombstones—"this place, I suppose, has certainly no equal in the world. The mere amount of money which people expend upon these mementoes is something phenomenal—particularly if you take their poverty into consideration. Regrettable, you say? Well yes, regrettable, if you look at it in one way,

but still interesting, decidedly interesting. It makes them reflect too, no doubt, and must have a good effect in that respect. By the way, I was not a little surprised, do you know, to meet Mr. Cathers here," he added, dropping his voice to a significant whisper, and glancing at his companion as he did so.

Colonel Lawrence looked at him enquiringly.

"Mr. Cathers? Yes. I was surprised, I say, to see him here. He has always seemed to me to shrink from anything that recalled—anything suggestive of death, you know; to be decidedly morbid and nervous upon the subject. Sad, but not perhaps so very unnatural. Not having any regular spiritual duty at Mentone, I have hesitated to touch upon the subject with him; in fact, should hardly have felt myself justified in doing so, but that has always been my impression. You are aware, I suppose, that the doctors have a very bad opinion of him, are you not?" he added abruptly, sinking his voice to a complete whisper, and glancing cautiously ahead, so as to make sure that the other three were out of earshot.

"I was not, indeed. I know that his chest has always been delicate, and that he is obliged to winter abroad, but not that there was anything seriously amiss."

Mr. Nokes shook his head slowly from side to side, compressing his large loose lips as he did so.

"It is so, I assure you. His lungs are—" he tapped his own broad chest, and shook his head again with an air of concern. "If he is alive this time next year it will be a miracle; nothing short of a miracle," he said impressively. "Dr. Duckett all but admitted as much to me."

"Good God? you don't say so?" John Lawrence exclaimed.

He looked up suddenly at the husband and wife walking side by side some twenty yards ahead of them. Algernon Cathers was laughing and pointing to something with his stick, she smiling in response. It was not in itself an enlivening scene. Hundreds of more or less grim little symbols of death were sprouting like mushrooms out of the grass, every little column or squat cross bearing its burden of dusty immortelles, or more deplorable withered flowers; each with a black lantern dangling like a felon's effigy from a peg in the ground beside it. Not a cheerful scene as to its details, and yet, taken as a whole, flooded as it was with sunshine, with here and there a bright patch of color; with the violet hills behind crowned with forts; with the sea

catching the eye through a sudden dip in the ground, it looked bright and smiling enough, a piteous commentary, somehow, in its brightness upon this sentence which he had just heard pronounced. Like most self-contained men, John Lawrence had great capabilities of hatred, and he had hated this man as he had certainly never hated any one else in his whole life. For all that, as he looked at him now, a great wave of pity seemed to rise and sweep over him; to engulf and almost to extinguish his hatred. In a year! To leave wife, children, fortune—everything that could make life happy—and to go out into the cold; into the void; naked; alone! A man so luxurious, too; so spoilt; who had never in all his life had to do anything he disliked. The horror of the thing struck home to him vividly, and he shuddered with a sudden rush of pity.

"Does his—do you suppose Lady Eleanor knows?" he enquired hoarsely.

"I fancy so. At least I have always seemed to read the secret of her extraordinary patience in some such knowledge," Mr. Nokes replied.

The colonel's pity, which was flowing in a warm flood, seemed suddenly to congeal as if smitten with frost. "You mean that he—doesn't—doesn't treat her well?" he inquired, dropping his voice to an even lower key than they had hitherto spoken in. "Excuse the question," he added abruptly. "I dare say it seems to you that I have no right to put it, but I am a very old friend, and I only returned two days ago from India, so you may imagine I am naturally anxious to know anything that affects her—their interests."

Mr. Nokes's cheerful, rubicund face assumed an air of responsibility. "I really—I am no authority," he said rather shortly. "As I said, my acquaintance has been a matter purely of externals. I have no pretension to call myself a friend. What I know is obvious to every one. He is an invalid who will not be treated like an invalid, and yet that abuses the privileges of invalidship. To keep him in humor must be a very serious task. Lady Eleanor is entitled to every one's sympathy."

The colonel longed to ask more. It seemed an opportunity which might not recur of getting to know the facts about Algernon Cathers as they were known to the outer world. Yet what right or authority, after all, had he to ask? He was still inwardly debating the matter when

they were summoned by a call from the party in front, who had stopped before a monument placed near the entrance of one of the galleries. This monument represented a stout Genoese citizen ascending up to heaven, arrayed in his dress-clothes, complete down to the boot-buttons, and supported on either side by a pair of dumpy cherubs, their cheeks ornamented with tears of the dimensions of hazel-nuts. The defunct gentleman was being waited for on high by an expectant galaxy of saints, while below his despairing family stood about in attitudes expressive of distinguished woe, their tasselled boots and other adornments conscientiously rendered; the adoring wife, while straining her eyes after her ascending lord, being careful to lift her upper skirts an inch or two, so that the sculptor might not fail to impress upon the spectators his perfect ability to grapple with the difficulties presented by a third and even a fourth layer of embroidery which ornamented the flounces of her petticoat.

"There you behold the quintessence of modern Italian art!" Algernon Cathers was saying as they came up. "Look at their hooks-and-eyes! look at their eyelet-holes and tassels and bobbins! look at their brooches and gloves, and eyelashes and hairpins! Can't you imagine with what pride the survivors must come here upon a Sunday afternoon, and count the buttons upon their own boots, and point out to their friends exactly the attitudes they took upon the interesting occasion? Eleanor, my dear, this is *not*, by the way, the style of monument which I wish you to erect in my honor," he continued, turning with mock solemnity to his wife. "Mr. Nokes, I take you to witness!"

In the light of the information he had just received, that piece of pleasantry sounded ghastly in John Lawrence's ears, more ghastly if anything than the sepulchral ornaments of the place, and he moved a step aside to examine a bust which stood upon a pedestal hard by.

Algernon Cathers, too, seemed to have had about enough of the Campo Santo. His glance, which had been smilingly roving from group to group, was suddenly arrested by a skull grinning with hollow cavernous jaws above a pair of cross-bones, and he gave a quick involuntary shiver. "Come, it is late," he said abruptly; "Miss Jan ought to be getting home to her tea. Ugh! what an ugly place it is, to be sure! Thank Heaven, we've done it once and for all!"

He lingered again, however, a little fur-

ther on, fascinated as most visitors are by the grisly humors of the scene. Lady Eleanor walked ahead, holding her little girl by the hand, and John Lawrence availed himself of the opportunity to say a few words to her apart.

"I am afraid you don't thank me for having suggested this expedition," he said apologetically.

"Oh, don't think that. It is one of the regular sights, and we should have had to come sooner or later. Only all this panoply of woe, this deliberate elaboration of broken-heartedness seems to me to make death and sorrow so much uglier and more painful. It is as if the people were grimacing and posturing for one's admiration — like those skeletons decked in fine clothes one sees in some of the frescoes. Still, as we should have had to come and see it some day, it is as well, as Algernon says, to get it over. You are not leaving Genoa just yet, I hope?" she added, with rather a hasty change of subject.

"I am not sure," he answered doubtfully. "Do you expect to remain much longer?"

"A week, perhaps more, I cannot tell. We are forbidden to return to England before the end of May, and it is very difficult to fill the time up satisfactorily. Algernon likes staying within reach of his yacht, though we are able to make so little use of it. We lunch on board occasionally, or take little cruises when it is very calm."

"You used not to mind rough weather."

"No; but Algernon is forbidden to go out when there is any wind, there is always a danger of its irritating his lungs. Probably when we leave here we shall go to Spezia. One can sail about the bay there almost any day, and it is warmer than here. This Genoa climate is the most treacherous thing possible. Just now it is warm enough, but any moment the winds may become piercing."

"Spezia is rather a nice place, is it not?" the colonel said tentatively.

"Yes, at least it used to be. You don't know it? Come and make acquaintance with it. Unless, that is, you have any urgent business to do in England. Very likely you have?"

"No, indeed!" he answered eagerly. "Never was a man more devoid of any semblance of a reason for hurrying there. None of my relations expect me, or know that I have left India. Even if they did, I can't flatter myself that my presence

would make any great difference to them. Indeed, were I to go to England to-morrow, I believe my first impulse would be to present myself at Mordaunt."

"Really! Then do let us have the benefit of it. I know grandmamma would spare you if she knew, and you can form no idea of what a boon your company would be to us. It is very selfish though, I know, to urge it," she went on penitently. "As Algernon says, we clutch at any friendly hand that comes in our way as if we were literally drowning. And to have *you* at hand would be — I really cannot tell you what it would be!"

The others were still a little behind, having stopped again to read an inscription. John Lawrence hesitated. Her last words had touched him deeply. Although his six years' heartache was, he believed, cured, she was still and always must be the shrine in which the love of his life lay buried. To be of use to her, he would have compassed sea and land, and have sacrificed his own comfort without a word or a second thought. There was another side to the question, however. His old dislike of Algernon Cathers was still, he knew, alive, or had been up to a very recent date. Could he, even at this late hour, trust himself in his company, seeing him daily, perhaps hourly, without showing that dislike, which now would be unseemly, nay, brutal to the last degree. Had this piece of information which he had just heard and the rush of pity it had evoked effaced that dislike, or was it still there, and liable to reappear at any moment? If so, was he not bound in honor to keep away?

Lady Eleanor looked a little surprised at his hesitation. "I see what it is," she said. "You are trying to arrange matters so as to come with us, though there is somewhere else you want to go, and it is inconvenient to you to do so. Don't, please, think of it. I spoke thoughtlessly. We are quite used to being stranded here when every one else is rushing home. It would be most unfair to insist upon detaining you after you have been so long away. You must want to get back to England, whether you have business to do there or not."

"I have nothing to do really," he answered earnestly. "And if I had I should far rather stay. It was not that that made me hesitate. The fact is I — I cannot quite decide immediately. If when you leave this I find that I can go where you are going, I will. If not, you will believe that it is not because other affairs, even if

I had any, could count against your wishes. You believe that, don't you?"

"Yes, I believe it; I am sure you will come if you can," she answered. "I don't think I have ever disbelieved you, have I?" she added with a smile which woke the old Elly for an instant to his eyes. "You never gave me any cause, at any rate," she added more gravely.

From Macmillan's Magazine.  
THE REVIVED STUDY OF BERKELEY.\*

ENGLISH literature was surely tardy in rendering justice to Bishop Berkeley and his philosophy. Previous to Professor Ferrier of St. Andrews, no British thinker of eminence can be said to have undertaken the requisite intellectual labor of mastering the problem which Berkeley proposed for solution; and it is now impossible to avoid astonishment at the misrepresentations of that problem which for more than a century passed current, not only in the general, but even in the philosophical literature of England. The valuable essays which Ferrier contributed to *Blackwood's Magazine* about forty years ago, and which have since been republished in his "Philosophical Remains," first stemmed the tide of misapprehension which had been allowed to flow without check; and the current of criticism was fairly started in the right directions afterwards by his brilliant "Institutes of Metaphysics." Still another service had yet to be rendered to Berkeley's memory: the story of his life had yet to be written by a biographer of sufficient industry to go in quest of all available materials; and his works had yet to be collected by an editor of competent knowledge and critical power. It is now nearly fifteen years since Professor Fraser's splendid edition of Berkeley's works appeared with its elaborate biography; and it seemed then as if everything had at last been done for the

neglected philosopher that could be demanded by the gratitude and respect even of his most ardent admirers. But the little monograph which Professor Fraser has more recently contributed to the series of Blackwood's "Philosophical Classics for English Readers," shows that he still continues to work in the field which he has made peculiarly his own, and that his labor has again been rewarded by the discovery of fresh material. The other works mentioned at the head of this article show that the interest in Berkeley's philosophy must be on the increase, both in this country and on the Continent. It is an especially gratifying sign of the current of thought at our universities that Professor Fraser's volume of "Selections from Berkeley" for the use of students has reached a third edition. After the exhaustive researches of the professor it is scarcely probable that anything of importance will be added to our knowledge of Berkeley; and an appropriate occasion is thus offered for reviewing the personal and philosophical character of the idealist, as he is now finally made known.

The family of the philosopher was traditionally reputed to have some connection with Lord Berkeley of Stratton, though it is impossible to find any satisfactory ground for the tradition. There is also a story that Swift introduced the philosopher, when a young man, to the Earl of Berkeley with the remark: "My lord, here is a young gentleman of your family. I can assure your lordship, it is a much greater honor to you to be related to him, than to him to be related to you." The playful form of this introduction, however, though probably enough it expressed the serious conviction of Swift, prevents us from regarding it as implying any closer relation between the philosopher and the nobleman than that of identity in name. But until the operation of heredity is better understood, those who owe intellectual stimulus to Berkeley will not be deeply disappointed at the failure to connect him with any noble family; or even at the failure to roll back the clouds which have gathered probably forever between us and his distant ancestry.

For whether it is matter of regret or not, the ancestry of Berkeley, like that of many another man, cannot be traced beyond his grandfather. Family tradition represents the grandfather as a royalist who had sacrificed his fortune in the service of his party, and was rewarded at the Restoration by some government office in Ireland. But the search into the his-

\* *Kant, Hume, und Berkeley: Eine Kritik der Erkenntnistheorie.* Von G. Spicker. Berlin, 1875.

*The Principles of Human Knowledge, being Berkeley's celebrated Treatise on the Nature of Material Substance, with a brief Introduction and full Explanations of the Text, followed by an Appendix with Remarks on Kant and Hume.* By Collyns Simon, LL.D. London, 1878.

*G. Berkeley, Evêque de Cloyne.* Par A. Penjon. Paris, 1879.

*Berkeley.* By A. Campbell Fraser, LL.D. (Blackwood's Philosophical Classics for English Readers.) Edinburgh and London, 1881.

*Selections from Berkeley. With an Introduction and Notes.* By A. Campbell Fraser, D.C.L. Oxon. Third Edition, revised. Oxford, 1884.

tory of Berkeley's family does not reach firm ground till we come to the bishop's father, William Berkeley, somewhere near Thomastown, in the county of Kilkenny. How he came to be there, or what he was doing there, it seems now impossible to discover, even if it were worth while to spend any labor in the discovery. It was in this neighborhood that William Berkeley's son, George, in whom we are specially interested, first saw the light. The date of his birth is given as March 12<sup>th</sup>, 1684. The place in which he was born is named in the old biographies Kilcrin or Killerin; but there is no place of that name in the neighborhood of Thomastown, and the tradition of the district points to Dysert Castle as his birthplace, which was certainly the residence of the Berkeleys not long afterwards.

All that is known of Berkeley's childhood and boyhood may be summed up in very few words. When he was about eleven years of age, as is still certified by the school-register, he entered Kilkenny School — an academy which has been called the Eton of Ireland, and which, it is worth remembering, had, about seventeen years before, educated Berkeley's eminent countryman and friend, Jonathan Swift. Here Berkeley remained nearly four years, and then he proceeded, as Swift had done before him, to Trinity College, Dublin. In addition to these facts in Berkeley's outer history there is fortunately also preserved a revelation of the inner man, which rises like a snow-drop out of his earliest life, showing the preparation of the soil for that spring-time which came with the immediately subsequent years, and in which was sown the seed that ripened into the splendid fruit of his philosophy. Among the biographical materials which Professor Fraser has had the good fortune to recover, there is a commonplace book in which Berkeley had been accustomed to jot down memoranda of his studies at college. One of these memoranda tells us how early the bent of his mind had been formed: "From my childhood," he says, "I had an unaccountable turn of thought that way." Though the meaning of this record is somewhat indefinite, it seems to be interpreted by another: "I was distrustful at eight years old, and by nature disposed for these new doctrines." There is a charming simplicity in the frank pride with which the young philosopher recognizes in himself the workings of a distrustful spirit at an age when everything is supposed to be accepted with unquestion-

ing faith. But we may see in those childish doubts the beginning of the intellectual efforts of his manhood, in which his persistent aim was to make men question the meaning of that fact of existence, which, in all thinking short of pure philosophy, is taken upon trust.

Berkeley entered Trinity College just as the eighteenth century opened, and the records of the college still enable us to follow him through the different stages of his career till he obtained a fellowship on June 9th, 1707. Fortunately, also, his commonplace book gives us a pleasing insight into his mental development during this period. We now know that the idea which lies at the root of his philosophy had been caught sight of in those early student days, and that it was being examined on all sides with the fresh enthusiasm of a discoverer who, in his first wonder, can express himself only in half-articulate ejaculations. Again and again, through these fragmentary jottings, this idea appears under the name of a "new principle" which is to revolutionize the sciences; and almost every memorandum is warm with the passionate eagerness with which the student watches this radical idea shooting forth its stems and branches — shaping itself before his exultant mind into a complete philosophical system.

The commonplace book also makes known to us the reading by which Berkeley was assisted to his peculiar point of view. During his life at college he had evidently made himself familiar, not only with Locke's essay, but (which is more to the purpose) with the subtle psychological analyses of Hobbes, as well as with the intensely theistic hypothesis of sense-perception developed by Malebranche, while several memoranda show that he had studied the writings of Spinoza.

Among the men likely to be of intellectual influence in Dublin when Berkeley was at Trinity College there are fortunately some whose services in philosophy and theology have not been forgotten yet. In the scientific circles of the city a prominent figure was Locke's friend, the barrister Molyneux, who had evidently speculated to some purpose on those very problems of perception, the solution of which has made Berkeley illustrious; and we know that the young idealist was on intimate terms with the barrister's family. The provost of Trinity College was then Dr. Peter Browne, whose contributions to metaphysical theology form a reasonable ground for the conjecture that he must

have left his mark among the young metaphysicians of his college. Berkeley himself in later life appeared as a hostile critic of Browne's views on the analogical and negative nature of all our notions with regard to the Supreme Being; and Browne has also been signalized as anticipating, in his theory of causation, that doctrine of Hume which resembles Berkeley's occasionalism on its empirical side. Another man of prominence in Dublin at the beginning of last century was the archbishop, Dr. William King; and it is just possible that the young student from Kilkenny may, from sermons or otherwise, have caught the spirit of idealistic optimism animating the great work "De Origine Mali," which has given the prelate a place in the history of modern theology.

We have seen that Berkeley was promoted to his fellowship in 1707. In the same year he began his literary life by the publication of a small Latin work on arithmetic, with some mathematical papers appended. This publication is now of interest less on account of its scientific value than for the sake of the insight which it gives into the bent of the author's mind; for the very drift of the book is an evidence that his predominating interest in mathematical studies was not that of the mathematician deducing inferences from assumed data, but rather that of the metaphysician speculating on the assumptions which form the starting-point of science. This evidence was confirmed in Berkeley's later life by a controversial work entitled "The Analyst," which refutes a sceptical argument against the fundamental principles of religion by showing that a similar scepticism is equally legitimate against the assumptions lying at the foundation of mathematical analysis. The merit of these speculations on the philosophy of mathematics it is needless to discuss here; but it is a significant indication of Berkeley's power that the controversy raised by "The Analyst" called forth the energies of men with the mathematical renown of Jurin and Maclaurin.

It would be interesting to recount the various revolutions in science which have been brought about by books with all the immaturity, but with the purifying fire of young genius. In such a record a prominent place would be assigned to Berkeley's "Essay towards a New Theory of Vision." When this work appeared in 1709 its author was only twenty-five — the age at which, about a generation afterwards, Hume produced his "Treatise of Human Nature." Berkeley's essay can-

not exactly be said, like Hume's treatise, to have "fallen dead-born from the press;" but the progress of its influence has been slow, and the principles of psychological analysis which it involves are coming to recognition only in our own day. To break down the apparently inde-composable simplicity of visual perception, to show that it is not the immediate and inexplicable revelation of a thing outside of all intelligence, was to open up a path for psychological discovery — a path to profounder insight into the nature of knowledge and reality, such as had scarcely ever been trodden before. It is true that, quite recently, the originality of Berkeley, and even his ingenuousness in claiming originality, have, probably for the first time, been impugned, and that by a fellow of his own college. In his valuable book on Descartes, Professor Maffay maintains that Berkeley's theory of vision, down to its very illustrations, is anticipated in Descartes's "Dioptric," a work of which "it is impossible that Berkeley can have been ignorant." Now, for the charge of disingenuousness it is unfortunate that all through the opening paragraphs of the "New Theory of Vision," the very points to which Mr. Maffay refers as contained in Descartes's work are noticed by Berkeley as facts which he "finds acknowledged" by writers on optics, while his originality is evinced in the fact that the main part of his book explains precisely where the theories of his predecessors are inadequate, and therefore fall wide of his own. Since the time of Berkeley, indeed, additional light has been thrown on the problems of visual perception, especially by the stereoscope teaching us more fully the value of having two eyes instead of one. But notwithstanding the vast stride implied in passing from Berkeley's "New Theory" to Helmholtz's "Physiologische Optik," it is not too much to say that the course of recent discovery with regard to vision has simply followed the track on which inquiry was started by the young fellow of Trinity College more than a century and a half ago.

But it must not be supposed that Berkeley was all this while engaged merely in a curious speculation which had no bearing on the living issues of human thought. The speculation, which was explicitly confined to vision, implicitly took a wider sweep, and was seeking a deeper foundation for all philosophy — seeking thereby to bring into clearer view the eternal truths on which morality and religion rest.

By the time his "Essay on Vision" was published, Berkeley's commonplace book shows that he had wrought out his explanation, not only of the knowledge given by sight, but also of the knowledge which we receive through all the senses. His explanation of sense-perception was first given to the world a year after the essay, in his "Treatise concerning the Principles of Human Knowledge." Neither of these works received any flattering attention at the time, in spite of all the efforts of Berkeley's friend, Sir John Percival, among literary acquaintances in London. Both books were published in Dublin, and that was then probably unfavorable to an author's reputation. This it may have been that induced Berkeley, about three years later, to cross the Channel and seek a London publisher for his next book, the "Three Dialogues between Hylas and Philonous in Opposition to Sceptics and Atheists." In the management of its matter, as well as its language, this work shows the most artistic finish of all his productions, and may be recommended as, on the whole, the most satisfactory exposition of his philosophy. In these dialogues the names of the interlocutors are as allegorical as those in the "Pilgrim's Progress," but the scholar with his academical culture was too much dominated by the literary fashions of his time to venture on those homely appellatives of the Bedford tinker, which have since entered into such general use for picturesque description of character. Berkeley attempted no innovation on the practice, which seems so excessively artificial to more modern tastes, of dubbing with classical names the persons drawn from contemporary life who are introduced into literature. The names, however, which he adopted, though drawn from classical sources, express the sides taken in the discussion by those who bear them. Hylas argues for *ān*, *matter*; Philonous is the champion of *vōiç*, the *intellectual* principle in the universe, his name being apparently a coinage of Berkeley's, though the feminine form, Philonoe, is met with in mythological literature.

To describe the philosophical teaching of the dialogues in all its wide reaches is impossible here; but the misapprehension of its general drift is still so commonly current that a few expository remarks may not be out of place. This work, like the most important of Berkeley's other works, is implicitly or explicitly directed against sceptics and atheists; but strange has been the fate of the speculations whose

tendency is thus announced. The great body of British critics of all schools have agreed to pack Berkeley into the same group with David Hume as a thinker who has inconsistently stopped short in the road which the great sceptic followed to its termination; while Hume himself thought that the good bishop's writings contain the best lessons in scepticism, inasmuch as his arguments never convince you and yet cannot be answered. The arguments to which Hume alludes as unanswerable though unconvincing are, of course, those adduced by Berkeley to prove that the real material world is not an unknowable substance such as philosophers believe in, but merely that sensible world which all men perceive. In truth, however, these arguments were for generations seldom treated with seriousness. Dr. Johnson, representing the unreflective dogmatism of unphilosophic opinion, characteristically enough refutes Berkeley by kicking a stone, and exclaiming, "That's matter, and there's an end on't." But even Dr. Reid, at the head of a philosophical school, thinks that idealism is at once knocked out of a man's head if he happens to run against a lamp-post; while Byron dismisses Berkeley with a pun, which was perhaps too obvious to have any strong flavor at the first, but has become one of the stalest of jests from its being perpetually quoted by those who own no other knowledge of the idealist.

All this is but an illustration of the fact that ordinary thought, unwilling or unable to undergo the toil of comprehending a philosophical system, fastens on any superficial trait that obtrudes itself with special prominence, and seems capable of an obvious interpretation. "The Clouds" of Aristophanes represent what was probably a prevalent conception of Socratic teaching among the populace of Athens, as it is essentially identical with the indictment on which the philosopher was afterwards condemned. All the great schools of Greek thinkers were subjected to similar misrepresentations in popular gossip, as is evident from the anecdotal sketches which are scattered through the pages of writers like Diogenes Laertius. The cynics are vulgarly pictured as men who took an insane delight in insipid indecencies; a thorough sceptic was supposed to be a man who would not turn out of his straight road to avoid a precipice lest he might commit himself to a belief in the law of gravitation; and the character of Epicurus has been so bespattered with the fabrications of a gross fancy, that his

name has become a byword in all the languages of the modern world, though his hostile critics themselves describe his life as dignified by an almost stoical contempt of sensual pleasure, and by an almost stoical heroism in the face of bodily pain. By the same tendency, in the popular gossip of English literature Berkeley passes current as the author of a paradox which men may amuse themselves with but will never seriously discuss, denying, as it does, the real existence of our common material world.

Now, to the sympathetic student of Berkeley at the present day it is scarcely necessary to say that the question of the idealist is not whether matter exists, but what is meant by its existence. No sane man, idealist or materialist, can or does doubt the reality of the material world as a fact of experience. The world that unfolds itself throughout the immensities of space and the ceaseless successions of time, — that is precisely the fact which philosophy is called to explain ; and idealism claims to be, not of course a denial, but an explanation, and the only rational explanation of which the fact admits.

Without going into a detailed exposition of Berkeley's idealism, it may be briefly described as having a negative or polemical, as well as a positive or constructive, side. In the former aspect the doctrine of Berkeley is an attack on what he conceives with too much justice to be the common opinion of philosophers, that material things (the things which make up the world of our conscious experience) have no real existence, but merely represent an underlying existence which can never by any possibility be known. These representations in consciousness of the unknown substance of matter were commonly called *ideas*, in the philosophical literature of Berkeley's time ; they are now more commonly named *phenomena*, and, indeed, were so named by Berkeley himself in his later days, though he points out that men in general call them *things*. Now, in opposition to this doctrine Berkeley reiterates, with infinite variety of illustration, that sensible ideas, as philosophers call them, that is, the things we perceive by our senses, are not mere images — not the mere show of a world, but the real material world itself, and the only material world that exists; for the unknown and unknowable and unthinkable substance, of which the world we know is said to be an appearance, is a mere fiction of abstract thought which is strangely supposed to have a substantial existence.

To Berkeley the existence in our consciousness of a material world with all its intelligible order is not philosophically explained by referring it to some substance or force which is absolutely unintelligible. What then, it may be asked, does the existence of matter mean, on Berkeley's theory? As we have seen, the real material world consists, according to him, of the things which are known by our senses ; it has no existence for us except in so far as we know it ; for us and for all intelligences its very existence consists in its being known. But, he goes on, it is not a matter of choice with me whether I shall see when I open my eyes, or hear when I open my ears ; the sights that I see and the sounds that I hear are seen and heard, whether I will or not ; they exist, therefore, independently of me. In fact, all things in the universe take their course, unresisted by the efforts of men ; and their existence is, therefore, independent of all human minds. But their existence, independent of man, must mean that they are known by some other mind ; and consequently the absolute existence of the universe implies that it is known by an infinite and universal mind.

Such is something like the course of Berkeley's reasoning, so far as it can be represented in very brief outline. Behold then the view which he takes of the world around us. To him that world is not a mere piece of splendid mechanism moved by unconscious forces ; it is the really existing ideas of the living God speaking to us through all our various senses. You read some production of poetic genius — some production of the creative imagination, as it is often called, and before your mind are unrolled, more or less vividly, the ideas of the other mind with which your own mind is holding intercourse through its works. Open your senses to read the book of nature, and it is as if you were reading a book produced by a mind, of whose works the works of all other minds are but the feeblest imitations. There rush in upon your mind, through the channels of eye and ear and every other sense, ideas so vividly real, that all others are felt to be merely their faint copies. Accordingly, on this doctrine, the face of nature is, without straining a figure, the face of God ; the sounds of nature are the voice of God ; for there is not an impression which we receive through any of the senses, which is not to be interpreted as a symbol, as language conveying to us some information about the universal order — some thought of

the universal mind. To Berkeley, therefore, God is not a being whose existence needs to be proved by arguments. He is a living person whom we see every time we open our eyes more clearly than we ever see any other—a person whose actual thoughts are spoken to us at every moment more distinctly than the thoughts of any human being.

These are the doctrines which lie at the basis of all Berkeley's philosophy, and which formed the guiding principles of his life. There is scarcely a work he has written which is not glowing with this consciousness of the never-failing presence of the Infinite Mind, who knows all things and who imparts to our minds what of his knowledge their limited nature enables them to receive. At this earlier stage of his authorship the main positions of his philosophy are unfolded most fully in the dialogues. This work, as we have seen, had appeared in the year 1713, when he had gone to London, mainly perhaps for the purpose of finding a publisher. Between that year and 1709 had appeared his "New Theory of Vision" and "The Principles of Human Knowledge," as well as a "Discourse of Passive Obedience." The student of English literature knows what a memorable epoch these years formed. They were the years of "The Tatler," "The Spectator," and "The Guardian," and the years, too, of Swift's letters to Stella; so that we have numerous materials for helping the imagination to picture the life of London town in the days when it was first seen by the young philosopher from Dublin.

There are few readers of English who have not had a glimpse of that old time, as its figures have been conjured before their delighted imagination by those kindly companions of our reading hours. When you come home of an evening, unfit for severer work, take down a volume of these or of kindred books, and the past hundred and fifty years seem to become annihilated. You step into Will's coffee-house, the gathering-place of London literary men for many years during that period; and, if it be late in the evening, you are almost sure to find yourself amid a company of wits who are noisily praising or damning the play from which they have just returned. You may hear what men thought and said about the plays which they took their wives and daughters to see, while we blush to read them in private; you may listen to the talk which is created by Addison's "Cato," as it is enthusiastically applauded during its run of

thirty-five nights; you may listen even to the imperial Addison himself, as he draws every eye and stops every tongue in the coffee-house, while you can see in fancy the calm smile that gleams over his luminous face, and catch, amid the silence, the very tones of the voice in which his fine criticism flows, as his intellect and imagination become quickened with wine. If you want some more solid entertainment than the gay talk of Will's affords, turn from Covent Garden to the Strand and enter the Grecian, the oldest coffee-house in London—so named because it was opened by a Greek, not, as you might at first suppose, because it is a favorite resort of the scholars of the period. There, if you do not meet the great Bentley himself, you will certainly hear his name brought into controversies, which his learning and critical genius and wit were then quelling, though not without some stormful outbursts of opposition. You may still see something of these dead contests, and laugh over them, in Swift's "Battle of the Books." In the St. James's coffee-house, you will hear all the political questions of the day discussed, and perhaps catch the enthusiasm kindled at the news of Marlborough's latest victory. Or, if you are in a mood for nothing but the most passive enjoyment, leave the coffee-houses for the open air. A stroll down St. James's Street will show a number of dandies who certainly rival, if they do not surpass, their descendants of the present day in the devotedness with which they sacrifice every human interest for the benefit of their tailors. Follow that young gentleman whom you see, with his head sunk under a great periwig "like a mouse under a canopy of state," stepping out of a chair on the west side of the street. That building opposite which the chair has stopped is White's chocolate-house, where every man of fashion about town is bound to be familiarly known. Enter for a few minutes, and you will scarcely be able to conceive that time has moved at all since then, as you learn what is the latest prettiness that has become a foible among the beaux, or join in the laugh at the last jest which has been provoked by the new style of Belinda's headdress or the prodigious dimensions of Celia's hoops.

Such was London when Berkeley came to see it in 1713. He had evidently no difficulty in finding an introduction to the literary society of the time. We know from the "Journal to Stella," that he became acquainted with Swift now, if he did

not know him before ; and Swift could put him on terms of familiarity with all the men of literary eminence in the city. At a later period Berkeley becomes unintentionally connected with one of the pathetic episodes of Swift's life ; for the celebrated Dutch lady, whose name was Latinized into the poetical Vanessa, broken-hearted over Swift's marriage with Stella, cancelled a will making him her heir, and bequeathed the half of her fortune to Berkeley, although he was, to use his own words, a perfect stranger.

Berkeley had not been long in London when he received an invitation to accompany Lord Peterborough, in the capacity of chaplain and secretary, on an embassy to the Italian States. This gave him an opportunity of seeing some of the principal places of interest on the Continent ; but before ten months had elapsed, the death of Queen Anne brought the ambassador and his secretary back to England. The struggle of parties on the death of the queen seemed unfavorable to Berkeley's prospects of preferment ; and accordingly he accepted an invitation to travel as companion to a son of Dr. St. George Ashe, Bishop of Clogher. On this tour, some sketches of which are preserved in his journals and letters, Berkeley must have spent six or seven years, as he did not return to England till 1721. During the three or four years immediately following his return it is impossible to trace his movements with certainty. We know that he was appointed dean, first of Dromore, afterwards of Derry ; but whether he entered upon the active work of both or either of these livings cannot now be ascertained. All at once, however, in the autumn of 1724, he becomes clearly visible again in the light of a splendid enthusiasm. A few months after receiving the richest deanery in Ireland, he is eager to be released from it, in order that he may invest all his means, and spend the remainder of his life, in the establishment of a university for the extension of Christian civilization on the American continent.

It appears, from a well-known letter of Swift's, that this scheme must have taken some shape in Berkeley's mind very soon after he returned in 1721 from his long Continental tour. At that time he found the whole country in consternation at the ruin of the South Sea Company. How deeply he was impressed by the evidence of social corruption which this disaster furnished, is shown by the pamphlet which he wrote on the occasion, with its ominous title, "An Essay towards Preventing the

Ruin of Great Britain." The hopes which his enthusiastic nature had cherished of intellectual and moral reforms, were doubtless rudely dashed by this outburst of a force of evil which he was not prepared to encounter. He then apparently began to despair of seeing his youthful anticipations realized in the Old World. Inspired, perhaps for the first time, to utterance in verse, he expresses disgust with the effete civilization of Europe ; and convinced that

Westward the course of empire takes its way,  
he foresees another golden age

In happy climes, the seat of innocence,

into which the fancy was able still in those days to transform the unknown wildernes of the New World.

Whether this was the course of thought by which Berkeley's scheme was suggested, or not, he threw into it all the passion of his energetic nature, and carried it out, as far as it could be carried out, by his own efforts. But it was only in so far as his own efforts availed, that anything was done. Having obtained, in addition to a number of subscriptions from private friends, a promise of twenty thousand pounds from the government, he set out on his westward voyage. His original destination had been the Bermudas ; but he settled temporarily at Newport, in Rhode Island, till he should be in a position to complete his scheme. Here he remained for two or three years in expectation of the government grant. The amount promised had been guaranteed by lands in the island of St. Christopher ; but nearly the whole of the funds raised from that source were given away in a dowry to the princess royal ; and Berkeley, on a significant hint received through one of his correspondents from Walpole, returned to Europe, doubtless a sadder and less hopeful man.

With a character like that of Berkeley, and a scheme so calculated to strike the imagination and the finer sentiments of men, it is natural that there should be little but reprobation for the unimaginative and unsympathetic minister by whom Berkeley's project was crushed. But a word of justice remains to be spoken, even here, on the side of the prosaic practical sense by which the business of the world is carried on. The truth is, that Berkeley's project never commanded itself to the practical tact of men. From the first announcement of it in Swift's letter to Lord Cartaret down to the callous

mockery of Walpole's advice, the project is treated very generally as a visionary's dream, which is not to be laughed down simply out of respect for the visionary's character, and for the purity of the motives out of which his dream arose. Even Blackwell of Aberdeen, and the other scholars who at first proposed to act under Berkeley in his new university, all drew back at the last, and left their principal to go out as a lonely pioneer. Berkeley's scheme, in fact, ignored one essential condition of success; it was altogether unnecessary, for the work he planned had long been carried on by men better fitted to cope with all its requirements than the best selection of scholars from the universities of the Old World. The Puritan settlers of New England had, soon after their arrival, recognized the importance of the work which Berkeley's biographers sometimes give him the credit of having been the first to conceive. Harvard College was started nearly a century before Berkeley left England, and even Yale dates back to his boyhood. It seems strange that, before entering on his romantic task, he either did not find out, or did not appreciate, the nature of the work which these institutions were already performing in the field that was to be cultivated by his own labors. It is evident, however, that his interest was attracted to both colleges, as he not only presented to their libraries a large number of the books he had taken with him to New England, but after his return to Europe he raised subscriptions among his friends for additional benefactions of the same kind. It is not, therefore, unreasonable to conjecture that the abandonment of his scheme did not produce the unmitigated disappointment which might have been expected if he had thought that he left, as he seems to have thought he would find, the young colonies without the means or the prospect of Christian civilization. At all events he writes, probably about the time when his failure became evident, and perhaps with some reference to it: "Events are not in our power; but it always is, to make a good use even of the very worst. And I must needs own, the course and event of this affair gave opportunity for reflections that make me some amends for a great loss of time, pains, and expense." And so the romantic missionary enterprise of the philosophic idealist takes its place among the efforts of mistaken enthusiasm, leaving to men no legacy but the memory of a noble endeavor which is usually more fruitful than

a success that has never shone with any moral splendor. In loftiness of purpose and failure to attain his immediate end, Berkeley may perhaps be allowed to take rank with some of the early French missionaries in Canada, who have made not a few places in the New World illustrious by romances of heroic self-sacrifice, beside which even this interesting episode of Berkeley's life reads like an insipid tale.

But to this exile we owe "*Alciphron, or The Minute Philosopher*," which appeared shortly after his return to England; the second title, a term used by Cicero, being suggested as an appropriate name for the freethinkers of the time. Being directed against a contemporary sect, "*The Minute Philosopher*" sketches more vivid pictures of prevalent thought and conduct in England at the time than we meet with in the dialogues; and contemporary literature affords proofs of the truthfulness of Berkeley's delineations. Among such proofs, it may be interesting to cite one from Addison's comedy, "*The Drummer, or The Haunted House*." In this play there is a minute philosopher introduced; and though he is hunting after the fortune of a widow with a comfortable jointure, and has, therefore, little occasion for acting as an emissary of freethinking, yet he gives at times specimens of the flippant talk which was to be heard in the coffee-houses of the period, even on subjects which the earnest mind can approach only with subduing reverence. The widow is amazed to think where "so fine a gentleman" could have got all his learning. "To tell you the truth," he frankly replies, "I have not time to look into these dry matters myself; but I am convinced by four or five learned men, whom I sometimes overhear at a coffee-house I frequent, that our forefathers were a pack of asses, that the world has been in error for some thousands of years, and that all the people upon earth, excepting these two or three worthy gentlemen, are imposed upon, cheated, bubbled, abused, bamboozled." In these words one can scarcely fail to catch a somewhat lively echo of the language put into the mouth of Crito and Lysicles in the opening dialogue of "*The Minute Philosopher*," as that language itself has probably received a color from the Platonic, or pseudo-Platonic, sketch of the sophists in "*Hippias Minor*."

But the dramatic truthfulness of Berkeley's portraiture of contemporary free-thinking is further justified by comparing the ethical scepticism of the time with the

chilling unbelief in goodness professed by his minute philosophers. Berkeley in his day represented, perhaps more nearly than any other man, the Carlyle of our time in the gloom with which he uniformly painted the condition and prospects of moral culture in his country. "Other nations have been wicked," he says in his "Essay towards Preventing the Ruin of Great Britain," "but we are the first who have been wicked on principle." This statement, startling though it is, met with a significant confirmation shortly afterwards in a book which made a good deal of noise in the world for some years before "The Minute Philosopher" appeared. The author, Bernard Mandeville, was already known in literature as a freethinker when this book attracted public attention, and its drift is sufficiently indicated by its title, "The Fable of the Bees, or Private Vices made Public Benefits." It would be a relief if we could look upon the work as an ironical satire upon the immorality of the age—a jeering exposure of the prevalent vicious practice by flaunting it in the outrageous extravagance of a theory; but the whole manner of the book, taken along with the appended "Inquiry into the Origin of Moral Virtue," is incompatible with such a supposition. The author has, therefore, been generally and justly interpreted as maintaining seriously a doctrine which is in flagrant antagonism alike with all the history of political society, with the results of economical science, and with the high Hebrew morality on which Christianity founders—the doctrine that the vices of individuals are economically beneficial to society, that it is unrighteousness that exalts a nation, while godliness is a reproach to any people.

This is the kind of infidelity with which we are brought face to face in Berkeley's "Minute Philosopher." When this work appeared, nearly twenty years had elapsed since the publication of the "Three Dialogues between Hylas and Philonous." During these years Berkeley had travelled much, had mixed more with society, had seen all varieties of men and manners in the Old World and in the New. This, combined with his prolonged study of Plato in the interval, may account for his having overcome the difficulties of the dialogue more thoroughly than in his earlier work. The "Three Dialogues," perfect though they are as an exposition of Berkeley's theory, are deficient in the dramatic charm which may be imparted even to a philosophical conversation. Hylas and Philonous are mere personifi-

cations of different philosophical theories, which have no obvious connection, even in the form of their enunciation, with any individual character belonging to the speakers. In "The Minute Philosopher," on the other hand, the characters all stand out with clear individuality, and keep up the conversation with a dramatic liveliness that is seldom attained in philosophical dialogues. As in the works of the ancient Athenian idealist, the deepest problems of life are, in "The Minute Philosopher," linked on to life's daily concerns. The scene of the discussion is an English farm belonging to Euphranor, who, in the spirit of ancient sentiment with regard to the dignity of agriculture, was in the habit of relieving his mind by agricultural pursuits, and of relieving his body from the fatigues of labor by occasional studies. Dion, a friend of his, is called by business into the same part of the country, when he spends a short time with Euphranor. One Sunday a neighboring gentleman, named Crito, comes to dine at the farm; and inquiries are made about two guests of his, who had been seen with him at church a week before. These turn out to be Alciphron and Lysicles, freethinkers from London, who had gone to church only to see what kind of congregation could be got together in a country parish. The honest farmer, who knows little of what has been going on in town, but is anxious to increase his knowledge in every lawful way, sends through Crito an invitation to his guests to spend a week at the farm, in order that he may have an opportunity of becoming acquainted with their principles. You never forget, while you listen to the conversation of these different persons, that they are all present with their distinct individualities of character, that you are in the midst of beautiful English scenery, and surrounded by the quiet rural life of England.\* You sit with the speakers in the farm library beside the collection of good old books left to Euphranor by his uncle, the clergyman; you stroll with them through the garden, or over the fields; you turn with them into a summer-house; you recline with them under an old oak on the hillside, and look out on the white sails that glisten on the distant sea; you are disturbed by a confused

\* This is not inconsistent with the fact that the scenery of "The Minute Philosopher" has reminded Berkeley's American readers of the country around Newport in Rhode Island, where the work was written. It is not the colonial, but the English life of his time that Berkeley pictures; and in his descriptions of scenery there is nothing to conflict with the imagination of the whole dialogue going on in England.

noise of hounds and horns and roaring country squires, in pursuit of a fox which runs into the adjoining thicket; you sit down to dinner with the sunburnt hunters in their "frocks and short wigs and jockey-boots," and you see them getting drunk over their loyal and orthodox toasts; and while these old forms of the changeful life of time flit past, they shoot out scintillations of light into the eternal questions with which human life in all its forms has puzzled human minds, not more in England than in Athens and Rome, and on the banks of the Nile and the Ganges.

The remainder of Berkeley's life may be briefly told. Soon after his return from America he was presented to the bishopric of Cloyne, in Ireland. This was done through the influence of the queen, at whose literary parties, when she was Princess of Wales, he had always been a favorite. In those days it must have been a comparative exile to retire to that distant diocese; but Berkeley became attached to his work there, and refused to be tempted away by more brilliant offers, one of which seems to have pointed to the primacy of Ireland.

Only once more does the enthusiasm of earlier days make its appearance, and this time it breaks out in a strange direction—in the advocacy of a novel panacea for the human race. When Berkeley was at Cloyne, tar dissolved in water had come to be accepted by many as a certain specific against most of the ailments of mankind; and now that chemistry has discovered in coal tar substances with the curative properties of creosote and carbolic acid, we can interpret more accurately the phenomena by which Berkeley's contemporaries were led to attach an extravagant medicinal value to tar-water. The philosopher had always had a lofty, if at times somewhat visionary, ideal of practical benevolence. It is not therefore surprising that he threw himself with something of his youthful enthusiasm into the advocacy of tar-water, and few of his friends who complained of any ailment escaped the prescription of the abominable soup. To the defence of this cause he brought one of the last applications of his philosophical culture; for his "Siris, or Reflections on the Virtues of Tar-water," is a contribution to the literature of phil-

osophy rather than to that of medical theory. Starting from the virtues of the favorite drug, the reader of this extraordinary essay is insensibly drawn into speculations on the powers of nature, of existence in general, and becomes conscious of the wide excursion he has made only when at the close he is carried to a lofty discussion on the doctrine of the Trinity.

But we are now nearing the end of Berkeley's career. He had been obliged to superintend the education of his son at Cloyne, and was desirous of continuing the superintendence after the young man became old enough for the university. Accordingly, as he was unwilling to encourage clerical non-residence, he proposed to resign his bishopric. The proposal excited astonishment, as well it might in those days of ecclesiastical degeneracy; and the king became curious to know from what eccentric churchman the proposal had come. On learning that it was his old friend Berkeley, he insisted that the philosopher should die a bishop, though he might live wherever he chose. But Berkeley did not long enjoy the liberality of the government. He was already an old man of nearly seventy years, and in a feeble state of health, when he removed to Oxford in the summer of 1752. One Sunday evening in the following January he was sitting listening to a sermon of his friend Sherlock, which his wife was reading. His daughter rose to fetch him a dish of tea, but on presenting it she found that nothing but his mortal form now filled his chair.

The man who had passed so quietly away from the companionship of his fellow-men, takes rank forever among those rare spirits who are at once great and good. His life, indeed, makes no conspicuous figure on the field to which history has been too exclusively confined. But we turn from the din and the glare of political and military conflict in the earlier half of the last century to the unobtrusive purity and culture of Berkeley's life, with a feeling not unlike that with which the spirit quits the palaces of imperial Rome of eighteen centuries ago, to find, in words of wisdom spoken and in deeds of love done among the villages of Galilee, the power which really sways the world.

J. CLARK MURRAY.

From Chambers' Journal.

RICHARD CABLE,

THE LIGHTSHIPMAN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MEHALAH," "JOHN HERRING,"  
"COURT ROYAL," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVII.

IN THE ANCHOR.

THE parlor of the Anchor had a cosy look. Although the time of year was summer, yet on the coast the evenings were at times sufficiently cool to make a fire acceptable. On this evening a small fire of wreck-timber was smouldering on the hearth, emitting its peculiar gunpowdery odor, and the glow gave geniality to the little room, as a smile to a plain face. The window was small with red curtains to it; and before the supper was over, the curtains were drawn and a lamp lighted. Some lumps of coal were put on the fire, and bubbled and burst into puffs of flame.

Richard knew the room very well. He had often been in it, and had spent there many a pleasant hour. As he sat in it now, a sensation of relief came over him. He was once more among friends, among men of his own educational stamp, men he could understand, and who understood him; men who were not on the watch to find fault with him, who respected, and did not look down on him. Richard had always been a sober man; but he had been no teetotaler; he took a glass with his mates, and made the glass last a long time. He had never been a sociable man, but had always been kindly, ready to listen to yarns, and hear patiently puzzle-headed arguments, and laugh at jokes, and take interest in the affairs of his comrades. He was no talker, but a capital listener. When asked for his advice, he gave it modestly, and made no remarks if it were not followed. Should the talk take such a turn as offended him, he showed his disapproval by rising and leaving the room. On one occasion only had Richard occasion to speak out, and that was when his brother-in-law intercepted his exit. Then he said gravely: "I cannot bear it, mates—because of the little uns at home. When I'm with you smoking, I take the smell of the 'baccy home with me in my jacket; but that don't hurt. But when I hear you talk this way, I'm feared lest the taint of it go home in my clothes to my innocent children. No offence; I must go. There are six of 'em, and the youngest is a baby."

Richard Cable, as all the men knew, was a long-suffering man, slow to take offence, and never giving it. That fellow must be

uncommonly provoking who roused Dick to anger. He could bear much chaff, taking it good-humoredly, and he did not resent, though he disliked, a practical joke. How his comrades would have marvelled had they been able on that evening to see into his breast, at the fuming, tossing fever that there worked, kindled, stirred up by a woman's tongue!

"I' faith, Dick," said Ephraim Marriage, the mate, when the steaming grog was brought on the table with the white-clay pipes, "I'm glad you've come. Jonas said we should see no more of you, now you'd gone away from us forever; but I didn't think it; I knew you better."

"Give us a paw, captain, over the table," said a sailor, glowing with affection and animation at the sight of the spirits and hot water and sugar.

"Every vessel," said Moses Harvey sententiously, "is marked with the mark of the port to which she belongs; it is CH. for Colchester, and HD. for Hanford; and wherever she may go, into whatsoever seas, a-trawling, or a-drudging,\* or a-coasting, she's known by her marks whence she comes and to what she belongs. Now, mates, our good friend Cable was built and launched here at Hanford; and though he may cruise away into oceans and seas and spheres to us unbeknown, yet wherever he spreads his sail, there it will be known he don't belong to no ports or harbors of them there foreign parts or spheres, but to us; he's marked HD, right over his bows, and got it writ in his inmost heart, in the log o' his good conscience."

A rapping on the table, a clinking of spoons, a stamping of feet under the table, and a "Hear! hear! hear! Right you are, Moses."

"I've heard tell," continued Harvey, stimulated by these tokens of approval, "that in disturbed and warful times, vessels sail and traffic under foreign colors. But I don't care what colors our captain, Dick Cable, may hoist; we look to his letters, not his flag; and we recognize our old friend and mate by the HD. on his bows."

Renewed applause.

Cable's heart was soothed by these tokens of welcome and affection and regard. These men said what they thought, and spoke out the feelings of their hearts. There was no humbug in them; they were honest and true throughout.

Perhaps Josephine was right when she said that Lady Brentwood had invited him

\* "Dredging" in the Essex fisherman's vernacular is "drudging."

to dinner only that she might laugh at him. Perhaps the admiral, the lord of the admiralty, the justices of peace, the baronet, would have been civil to him with their lips to his face, to make jest of his manners and mode of expressing himself behind his back. He did not understand the ways of that class of life, and Josephine did. She belonged to it.

Then Cable stood up and pulled off his frock-coat, and folded it up and put it aside on the cupboard. "I can't bear to sit in it any more," he said. "It is like as if I were in a strait-waistcoat in an asylum. I'll sit with you, mates, in my shirt sleeves, as I've no jersey."

"You put off the gentleman along with the coat when with us, eh, Dick?" asked Jonas Flinders.

"I never was, and never shall be, a gentleman," said Richard with a little warmth. "The making of one is not in me — what with my pockets and my handkerchief and my *wées*. I'm a plain man, always was, and always will be. They tried to put my hands into gloves," he went on, waxing hotter — "kid gloves they were; and I busted 'em right down the back, as I've seen a taut sail go in a squall. They tried to get my feet into fashionable boots, and I was like a cat in walnut shells, or a Chinese lady, needing ladies'-maids to hold her up when she sets her foot to the ground."

The men laughed. Richard, with shaking hand, refilled his glass. He was angry at the recollection of what he had undergone. He swallowed half the contents of his tumbler, and went on irritably: "Whatever you do, mates, keep clear of polite society. It is like the Doldrums, where you never know which way the tide is running and from what quarter the wind will catch you."

"Not much chance for any of us to get into it, captain," said one of the men; "the luck don't come to every one to marry an heiress."

"Leave my wife out of the game," said Richard hastily; "I'm not alluding to her in any way. I'm speaking of polite society in general, and them as have the misfortune to swim in it. I've seen this day a bullfinch that wasn't content to live outside a cage, and liked to hop about from one dry stick to another. There are folks that have been bred and grown up in social cages, and they are only happy inside of them. Give them a little red sand, and a few drops of water and some chickweed and a lump of white sugar, and they are content. They don't care for the green

trees and the free wind, and the grass twinkling with morning dew. All that is barbarous to them."

Richard had become loquacious. The fire burned in his heart, an angry resentment against the new world into which he had been introduced, and for which he was unsuited; and his heated feelings relieved themselves in words. His pride, which had been broken down, reared itself again.

"It must be uncommon irksome," said Ephraim, "having to wear a coat to your back all day, as if you were always a-going to church or chapel."

"It is not only that — you are tied and encumbered in everything, Eph!" answered Cable. "When David the shepherd boy wanted to fight Goliath, King Saul must needs clap on his head his helmet, and wrap his breastplate over his breast, and put greaves of brass on his legs. Then David could not get along a step, and he said: 'I cannot wear them — I have not proved them.' It is much the same with me. They're a-girding me and an arming of me, brass here, brass there, brass everywhere, and I am nigh on crushed with the weight."

"It must be terribly inconvenient," said one man, "to have to wear a good cloth coat and waistcoat and trousers at meal-time, and instead of enjoying your wittles, to be a-thinking and a-pondering and a-considering all the time, lest a drop of gravy or a bit of butter should come on the cloth and spoil it. Heart alive! what it must be to have the mind a-travelling over one like an invisible cloth-brush cleaning off the crumbs and specks all the time one is eating!"

"I suppose," said another man, "you've got to be wonderfully choice what you say?"

"That's another of the waxing things in polite society," answered Cable. "Did you ever hear Tom Catchpool tell of the juggler he saw in India? He saw a native conjurer dance blindfold among knives and razors stuck in the ground with the blades upmost, where a false step might have cost him his life. He danced for an hour and did not get a scratch. For why? Because he was brought up to it from a baby. It is just the same in polite society; there every blessed letter of the alphabet sticks on end, sharp as a razor, and I defy" — he beat his fist on the table — "I defy any man who has not been brought up to it to get along among them without getting gashed and spiked at every turn."

"And," threw in Moses Harvey, "what they call the wowsers is the wust."

"I've been aboard a vessel all my life," said Cable grimly, "but I can't pronounce *we right*."

"I suppose you live like a fighting-cock at the Hall?" observed Ephraim.

"There's enough there and to spare," answered Cable. He emptied his glass. He flushed hot with the remembrance of the indignities he had undergone on account of his mode of eating. "Polite society knows how to cook its food, but is mighty particular how you eat it. But there, mates, we've had enough about polite society. I've seen at Orford or Aldborough or thereabouts—I can't at the moment mind exactly where it was—a tree growing that folks say was planted upside down, and the roots have grown into branches, and the boughs have been converted into roots. That is what polite society is—the honest world turned topsy-turvy. You have my last word on it, God save the queen!"

"When shall you be going another cruise in the Josephine, captain?" asked Ephraim.

"I'll have Jim Cook to repaint the name of the yacht," said Cable; "she's not to be called the Josephine any more."

"Change her name!"

"Ay, change her name. You see, mates, it's the name of my—my wife, and I don't care to have it in every man's mouth. Besides, we none of us speak it aright. There's properly no Joss in it at all. But there; you need not try to give it right. The name shall be altered to-morrow."

"What will you call her, Dick?"

"The Bessie—that shall be her name henceforth."

Then up stood Hezekiah Marriage, captain of a small oyster smack, and said: "Fill your tumblers, gentlemen. I rise on my legs—on my hind legs, gentlemen—"

He was interrupted by Cable, who exclaimed roughly: "We are none of us gentlemen, I least of all. Call us mates."

"Very well, Captain Dick," said Marriage. "I rise to my hind legs, mates; I accept the correction with a grateful heart. We are not gentlemen; we don't belong to polite society; we are rough Skye terriers, every one of us. I rises—" He paused—he was not a fluent man. "Gentlemen!—I axes pardon, I mean mates—you have not all got your glasses brimming, and the toast I rises to propose is one that demands the—the flowing bowl." He cleared his throat noisily and looked

round. His face was moist, the strain of elocution was enormous. "I rises on my —"

"All right, Captain Marriage; you've been a-rising on them hind legs a score o' times; keep up on 'em, and don't come down again," said Jonas Flinders.

"Allow me to get along as I can," entreated the speaker, "or I shan't get along at all. I propose the full and flowing bowl to be emptied to the health of Mrs. Captain Cable, the real old and original Josephine."

"I object!" shouted Richard, starting up and striking the table. "I have said already that I will not allow my wife's name to be brought in. I refuse to permit the toast."

"Having risen to my hind legs to propose it," said Marriage argumentatively, "I can't a-draw it in again. Toasts ain't like snails' horns."

"I will not have it drunk," said Cable angrily. "Do you want to offend me, and make me your enemy, Mr. Marriage? You all?"

"No offence is meant; the contrary was intended," argued Hezekiah. "How can there be offence in proposing or in drinking the health of Mrs. Cable?"

"I have said I will not permit my wife's name to be introduced here," cried Richard. "You have all heard me announce that." He looked angrily round the table.

Was this the same Richard Cable whom all had known?—this irritable, touchy man? What had transformed his nature, once so placable? Only a drop of poison on a tongue-point introduced into his veins.

"Now, look here, mates," said Marriage. "The toast is out, and it's unconstitutional to haul it in again; but I'm a peaceable man, and I'll tell you how we'll compromise the difficulty—we'll drink the health of Mr. Cable and all his belongings."

Richard was in that chafed temper that takes umbrage at trifles; but he saw that he had acted unreasonably, and he raised no further protest. The toast was drunk, but with an abatement of enthusiasm. Then he stood up to reply, having first fortified himself for the effort with his glass. "Mates," he said, leaning over the table, resting on his knuckles, "I'm nought as a speaker, as you all know. I thank you for the cordiality with which you have drunk my health. As I said afore, so say I now; I'm not a gentleman, and never will become one. Silk purses are not made out of sows' ears. I dare

say you've all heard of Mahomet's coffin that hangs betwixt heaven and earth, held up by a lodestone. The coffin that contains the corpse is of iron. Well, mates, I'm not altogether like Mahomet, but I am in part. I'm lugged up by the feet; but my head and heart are down below, and the position is neither becoming nor comfortable. Moreover, in the place where my feet now are, in the elevated region of polite society, my feet are objected to because my boots have been greased against sea-water, and they will take no polish, and are otherwise objectionable. I'd like to draw my feet down to my head, mates—but—I can't. I thank you all." Then he emptied his glass and sat down.

" You'll excuse me for rising," said Marriage, blowing with excitement and nervousness, " because I have a duty to perform. I meant no offence before, and I rise now to make what amends for any mistake I may have made. I'm a poor hand at speechifying. It is like running in a boat over the flats when the tide is setting outwards, and you feel beneath you the farther you go that the water is a-shallowing and a-shallowing every pull that brings you nearer the shore. The toast, my mates, that I rise—that I rise to propose is one, I'm sure, you will all drink with the greatest cordiality and with three cheers. The toast, mates, I rises on—I mean I rises to propose, is to them dear little childer, seven in all, nestled as doves under Master Cable's spreading vine. I say, mates, though we be rough old water-dogs, that we've got tender hearts, and we respects and admires a lovely sight, such as them seven little innocents, beginning with Mary down to the baby, all brought up as they ought to be, in the fear of God and in order and love and peace; and I do but express the feelings of all here present when I say—God bless the darlings all."

Then the room rang with cheers; and Richard, with the tears rising into his eyes, leaned over the table and clasped the hand of Hezekiah Marriage and shook it again and again and again; but he said not one word; he did not thank him, for his heart was full and he could not speak.

#### CHAPTER XXVIII.

##### THE WORKING OF THE POISON.

WHEN Richard Cable left the Anchor, the hour was not late, but he had drunk more than his head could bear. He had always been an abstemious man; consequently, a glass or two more than what he

usually allowed himself greatly upset him. On this sole occasion he had not exercised that self-restraint which was habitual with him, for on this evening the fire in his blood had urged him to slake it. But that was not all. He had felt real pleasure in being once more in congenial society—in society which exercised no thralldom over him, in which he was relieved from the suspicion that he was being watched and criticised. This sense of liberty after irksome bondage impelled him to relax, and for once to forget that there were limits he had been accustomed to set himself. He appreciated the kindness of the men he was with, and he sought to meet them on their own ground, to show them good-fellowship. As the fever in his veins cooled and his wrath passed away, he became cheerful, and for the first time for many days, happy. It is said that children brought up under stern discipline become dissolute when emancipated from parental governance. Cable had been for some time under discipline peculiarly galling, and now that for a moment he was free, he forgot that his liberty was not absolute.

Richard left the Anchor on the arm of Jonas Flinders, his brother-in-law. He was in good-humor. " The yacht shall be rechristened to-morrow," he said. " She shall be called henceforth the Bessie—that will please my mother; she is Bessie; and the baby is called after her. The best of boats shall bear the name of the best of women and the dearest of babes."

The air from the sea was cold; it fanned the hot face of Richard. The sky was without cloud. There was no moon, and many stars were visible; not that the sky was crowded with them, as on a winter night, because there was twilight in the heavens; nevertheless, many shewed. The evening star twinkled. Sirius turned red and green and gold, flashed and winked like a diamond. The night was so cool, the breath from the sea so fresh, that Richard's hot head seemed to him to steam. " There is the Big Bear," said he, leaning heavily on the arm of Jonas, and pointing to the constellation known to every child. " There he is turning about on the end of his tail. He's got his nose high up now—he'll have to bring it down before morning. Often have I watched him go round like the sails of a windmill, when I've kept watch on board the light-ship. Jonas! I think I'm turning about myself, like the Great Bear; but my head is the point on which I revolve. It's a wonderful consideration to me, Jonas, that

the Great Bear always knows what to do with his front paws. They are the pointers. Draw a line through them wherever they may be, and it touches the north star. And when you consider that the Bear is never still, always turning about on the tip of his tail, I say it is marvelous! There is instinct for you. I couldn't do it. My paws are never in place. If I stick them into my pockets, I am wrong. If I put them down straight and stiff, one on either side of me, I'm wrong again. If I plant them on my knees, it is worse than ever. If I draw the back of one of them across my face, it is as bad as murder. Then, Jonas, whatever shall I say about my hind feet, as Hezekiah Marriage calls them? I can't keep them anywhere where they do not give offence. I've curled them in a sort of knot under my chair where I've been sitting, and I was told I looked absurd — ill at ease. I've stretched them out straight before me, and I was informed I was uncouth. I've put one on one side of my chair and the other on the other side, and that was not right neither; and then the boots have been so smeared with rancid tallow to keep out the water that they won't do neither. I'm well aware, Jonas, in the sphere to which I'm elevated, that I'm looked on much as a great ungainly bear; but I wish in that same firmament I knew how to dispose of my extremities. Oh, the agony of mind those extremities of mine have caused me! Why is it, Jonas, that no beast or bird or creeping thing has any thought about or difficulty with its extremities, but only man? — and we're made to believe he is the lord of creation. I tell you what I think, Jonas — you're not laughing at me. It is in polite society only we get laughed at and sneered at. It is not my feet, but *her* eyes that are the pointers; they are forever pointing out my extremities, turn them about and put them where I may. Take her bright brown eyes and draw a line through them — ” He checked himself, and said hastily, “ I'm not speaking of my wife; I'm not going to have her alluded to in this company, nor her name named, because your mouths have not been fashioned to pronounce it right, nor can your heads understand her ways of going on, and I won't have any commenting on and criticising of what you do not understand. We'll turn the conversation to the Bessie.”

The cold night air was affecting him. He who was usually so little of a talker, had become loquacious; but then for many days he had been afraid to speak lest he

should commit a solecism, and now that the fear was removed, he talked a great deal.

“ There is the light out yonder — or two, is it? — where I used to be in the boat. They have put another vessel there now, and another man is in it. Why! Jonas, I almost wish I were back at the old work, cleaning of the lamp, instead of always being a-snuffing and cleaning and polishing of myself — and never able to get myself right, always smudges somewhere, and rust-marks, and smoke and smut. Out yonder, one day passed much like another, and all peaceable. True enough, we had storms, and I was tossed about; but there never was any storm and tossing about inside of me; and now it is all inward, and none without. I'd rather the billows ran mountains high and the breakers foamed over my head, than have the seas so heavy within. What creatures we are, Jonas! When I was on the boat, I was always longing to be ashore with my little ones; and when I was ashore — somehow, I wasn't altogether sorry when my time came to return to the ship. So, I guess, when a man's a bachelor, he longs to be married; and when he's married, he looks back on his singleness with great longing. We always wally what we haven't got. Man is a perverse animal, Jonas.”

“ Polly was a good wife. You think of her at times still — though she wasn't rich and accomplished.”

“ Polly!” — Richard tried to recover himself; he was lurching against his brother-in-law. “ Polly was an excellent wife. But, Jonas, I will have no comparisons drawn. If you mean to insinuate anything against my present wife, you make me your enemy for life. Polly was everything that was right and good in her way; and I have no doubt that — that *she* — her name is more than we can pronounce right, we uneducated folk — *she* — What was I saying? She also is all that is excellent in her way. We do not compare them; they are different. Let us turn the conversation. The Great Bear stands in the sky, always a-turning on the end of his tail, which is a moral lesson to us always to keep the conversation a-turning.”

The two had nearly reached the cottage. Richard's talk became more disjointed, his walk less steady. The cold air ensuing on the heated atmosphere of the tavern parlor, exercised its usual effect. He had left the Anchor exhilarated; he was now intoxicated.

Was this the same Richard Cable who was wont to return home with raised head and even step, and whistling, to let his little ones know that their father was coming to them to kiss them ere they closed their eyes in sleep? Was this the same Richard Cable now reeling along the road maudering nonsense? What had occasioned this change? Only a drop of poison infused into his blood. The boys in *Aesop's fable* threw stones at the frogs, whereon one of the tribe raised his head out of the water and said: "What is fun to you is death to us;" and so may many a man croak in his pain, when merry creatures pelt him with hard words, "What is fun to them demoralizes me." Richard was already demoralized. His self-respect had met with a mortal wound. This self-respect was the stay which had held up all his other virtues. Strong in his manly dignity, he had been gentle, patient, self-controlled, modest, and temperate. Josephine had struck at his sense of moral dignity, and when that gave way, every grace that had leaned on it went into the dust at the same time.

A Spanish bull-fight is by no means the even conflict of equally opposed antagonists that we supposed in childhood. The bulls have no inclination to fight; their disposition is peaceable. It is only after persistent and prolonged efforts that the matadores can goad them into pugnacity. They endure without resistance the stab of knife and the prod of lance. They turn their heads away, so as not to see the fluttered scarlet cloaks. And we men are much the same — placable, indisposed to gore, ready to rub our noses against the hands of our gaily tricked-out tormentors, against hands wet with our blood. We thrust our stupid heads against their breasts, asking to be patted on our flanks or rubbed between the horns. We do not want to fight, not we! We would not tear away a ribbon or a lace, or trample on a bugle off the frippery that adorns our tormentors. We have been stabbed, but we submit to wounds, and when next goaded, limit our protest to a subdued bellow. Possibly, we shake our heads in threat, but we mean no harm. When at length, with cruel ingenuity, our pretty persecutors drive bars into the open wounds, and these bars are armed with crackers and squibs and Catherine-wheels; and when they dribble Greek fire and flaming sulphur into our sores, then, in our agony, we toss our heads and paw the ground, and strike the barriers of plank with our horns, ripping them like rushes, and we

race, bellowing, blinded, mad, round the arena — then woe to those who stand in our way; we are no longer responsible for our actions.

Bessie Cable was sitting in the cottage by the table, in the front kitchen. She had been cutting out a dress for baby, a little pink dress with white sprigs on it, a very small pattern; and Mary sat on a stool beside her, hemming the pieces together. The cut-out scraps lay on the table, some ready for Mrs. Cable to sew together. Near her feet was the cradle, in which baby lay asleep.

"O grannie!" said Mary, "will she not look sweet in this pink dress? And she will have a red sash and red bows on her little shoulders. She will be a sweet little rosebud, will she not?" Then Mary stooped over the sleeping child. "Do, grannie! look at her," she said. "Was there ever such a darling? What a pretty little dimple she has! She is laughing in her sleep. I do believe she is dreaming about her new frock. Do you think, grandmamma, that babies know what is going to happen? I suppose the angels do, because they are so near God, who knows everything that is to be. I dare say little baby souls that have just come down from God can see a little way into what is going to happen, and that is why Bessie is laughing now — she sees the pink frock in which she will be so smart on Sunday."

"I do not suppose babies see into the future, dear Mary, not even little pink frocks with carnation bows. I do not think it would be well for them. They would see many sorrows and pains; and then, instead of smiling in their sleep, their tears would trickle over their cheeks. They are happy because they are blind to what is to be."

"Grannie," pursued Mary, "how do babies' souls come to them? Father took me outside one night and let me see the falling stars, and he said they were baby-souls coming down out of heaven from the hand of God. Why do the falling stars always go out when they come near the earth?"

"Because, I suppose, they enter into the little bodies."

"But — grannie," Mary went on — she was a thoughtful child, and asked more questions than Bessie Cable had the wit to answer — "how is it that there are no rising stars? They are all falling, and none flying up. It ought not to be so. If we see the little bright souls come down when babies are born, then, when good people die, we should see their souls like bright

stars mount up to heaven. Have you seen them do that?"

"No, dear, never."

"But why not, grannie?"

"Because the souls get so dust-clogged and darkened and stained with their sojourn on earth, that the brightness is dimmed, and God must clean them again before they shine."

Mary considered a while, and then said, "I don't think father's soul will need much cleaning, it shines so bright now."

"Hark!" said Mrs. Cable. "There is his tread. No; it is not his tread."

A hand on the door; it was thrown open, and Richard Cable staggered in, without his coat, which he had forgotten, and left on the cupboard in the Anchor parlor. His face was red, his hair disordered, his eyes wandering.

Mary looked up, sprang to her feet with a cry of delight, and with open arms prepared to run to him. His mother laid her work on her lap, and looked at him with doubt and alarm. Mary was arrested by something in his appearance so unusual as to frighten her.

"Richard!" said Mrs. Cable, "what has happened?"

"She shall be christened to-morrow," he replied; "rechristened to-morrow—and called henceforth the Bessie."

His mother knew what had occurred. The tone of his voice, the drawl in his speech, his position lurching from one foot to the other, declared it.

"Father, dear," said little Mary, "how strange you look!"

"Mary," said Mrs. Cable hastily, "go away. Run up-stairs at once," rising and catching Mary by the hand. "Your father is—is unwell. You must go instantly to your room. Say your prayers by yourself and pray for him." She hurried the child to the stairs.

Mary went reluctantly; but she was a docile child, and did not venture to disobey. On the stairs she stood and blew a kiss to her father from her little palm. "Grannie," she said, "he is not very unwell, is he? He will be well to-morrow. Dear father, try to be quite well soon."

"Halloo!" said Richard, staggering to the table, "what have we here? A new frock for little Bessie! Ha, ha! Shall we have the yacht new christened to-morrow? No disrespect meant to my wife. No slur cast. But we can't pronounce the name right, so had better not pronounce it at all." Then he went to the cradle. "Bessie!" he said, "come along and crow over giving your name to the yacht. A fine boat that answers her helm, as a

racer does a touch on the bridle." He stooped, put his hands into the cradle under the child, and raised it out of its crib. "There's grog in the captain's cabin," he said, swinging the sleeping child aloft, "there's water down below. Halloo! at sea already—life on the ocean wave and on the rolling deep! Up we go! Down we go!" He lurched over.

"For heaven's sake, Richard," cried his mother from the staircase, where she stood holding Mary's hand—"Richard, let the baby alone! Put her back in the cradle."

"Don't you fear! The Bessie shall rake the stars with her topmast, and dance in the foam of the ocean. Shan't she, my baby? Up she swings with straining timbers, down she goes!" He lost his balance, fell over the cradle; and the child dropped from his hands on the stone floor, before Mrs. Cable had time to unlock her hand from Mary's clutch and fly to catch the babe from his uncertain hold. The little creature uttered a cry and was still. But oh!—with a shriek, piercing, tearing, through the house, frightening the children in their beds, the father picked himself up on his knees and clasped his hands, one on each side of his head, sobered in one moment of supreme agony and remorse. He knelt as one turned to stone, with his eyes riveted to the white motionless child, lying on the pavement, his face turned to the hue of death. Was the little one killed? Was it severely injured?

"Run, run for the doctor!" ordered Mrs. Cable, coming up, yet shrinking from laying her hand under the fallen child, fearful what she might find.

Still, frozen, so immovable that he did not even tremble, Richard knelt, upright, holding his head, with elbows out, and gray lips unclosed, and blank eyes. The child lay on its back, with the little arms apart, motionless, with eyes fixed, and no color in the face, no movement of the breast, no pulse beating, only a bubble hanging between the lips.

"Run, run for the doctor!" again ordered Mrs. Cable.

Then Richard staggered to his feet like one suddenly roused from sleep, and yet under the influence of a dream. Still in his shirt-sleeves, and without thought to put on his hat, he went to the door, and ran. He stayed at the doctor's door, but he did not wait for him and return with him to the cottage. He ran on, ran for an hour without stopping in one direction—towards Brentwood Hall.

From The National Review.  
CHARACTER AND ABILITY IN POLITICS.

EVERY community, like every individual, has consciously or unconsciously its ideal, in other words, its conception of what is best in human conduct and human speech. What its ideal is, is most clearly shown by the admiration it extends to individuals, thus revealing to the shrewd observer its real character. The England of Edward III. demonstrated, by its pride in that monarch, its conception of what is best and highest in a nation, *i.e.*, courage, love of adventure, military self-assertion, and a keen sense of national existence and national dignity. The England of Elizabeth proved, by its attachment to the virgin queen, that its ideal was the blending of national spirit with judicious statecraft, and in religious matters the avoidance of extreme opinions and extreme action. True child of the Renaissance as it was, it could overlook many personal foibles, even want of modesty and want of truthfulness, provided these were accompanied by a proud temper, and a prompt sympathy with the instincts of the people. When a generation can find nothing better to admire than a Sir Robert Walpole, we know what to think of it; and we can see what a change had come over England when, in lieu of accepting as its ideal that dexterous manipulator of men, it bestowed its enthusiasm on Chatham, and afterwards stood by the chequered fortune of William Pitt. The England that worshipped Wellington was surely a different England from the one which recognized the embodiment of its highest conception in Sir Robert Peel. Prominent characters like these may be regarded as registering, with tolerable accuracy, the elevation or depression of the national ideal. In more recent times, Palmerston, Beaconsfield, and Mr. Gladstone, afford us a similar test or index of the conception of the community as to what is best, highest, and most admirable in individual ability and individual character. Goethe, who lived in a country where men do not choose their own rulers, says we can best judge men's disposition by observing what it is they ridicule. Yet, in a sense, this test can be applied even to ourselves. Our esteemed contemporary, *Punch*, never takes the trouble to caricature frequently or prominently political characters that are not popular. Thus, we might almost discover who they are that most nearly approach the English conception of what is best, highest, and most admirable, by observing who most frequently figure in

its ingenious and, for the most part, good-natured cartoons.

The inquiry I would make in this paper is, what is the conception or ideal of political worth at present prevailing in England? Whether our five million electors attach more value to character or to what they conceive to be ability, is no merely curious question. It is eminently interesting to all those who are anxious that England should itself live up, more or less, to the ideal of what the Greeks called *τὸ καλὸν*, and the Latins, *honestum*, as opposed to *turpe*, or the base.

If, for a moment, we cast our eyes across the Straits of Dover, and, after contemplating the condition of France, ask ourselves who are the persons whom in their long and chequered history Frenchmen have most admired, I think we shall find in the answer to the question an ample explanation of their misfortunes in the past, of their embarrassments in the present, and of their gloomy prospects for the future. For who are the French monarchs that have most keenly stimulated the imagination, and most powerfully appealed to the enthusiasm, of the French race? They are Louis XI., Francis I., Henry IV., Louis XIV., and Napoleon I. Many persons have been made familiar with the character and favorite expedients of Louis XI. by a drama that may be accepted as fairly reproducing his cardinal peculiarities. Of Francis I., it is related with pride that he exclaimed, *Tout est perdu fors l'honneur*. Yet the idea of honor entertained by him, and by those who love to repeat the *mot*, may be gathered from the fact that, when released from captivity by Philip of Spain, he refused to abide by the pledges he had given to that sovereign, on the pretext that the pledges had been extorted by force, or, in plainer words, that if he had not given the pledge he would not have been released! The most famous saying, and indeed the most important action, of Henri Quatre, is resumed in the words, *Paris vaut bien une messe*. This popular character changed his religion in order to save his crown, and, in doing so, was thoroughly in harmony with the *esprit Gaulois*, which shrugs its shoulders and smiles compassionately at *le pauvre bon Dieu*. The mere fact that Louis XIV. should ever have been known, and is known still in France, as *le grand monarque*, conclusively demonstrates what is the average French ideal of the *τὸ καλὸν* of Plato, or the *honestum* of Cicero. No doubt he had some kingly qualities, and no little

capacity. But the final impression left by him on other nations is that he was a great master of the ceremonies. Napoleon I. had boundless genius, but it may be doubted if he possessed one single moral quality. He was far worse even than Byron's Corsair; for the name of the latter was, we are told,

Linked with one virtue and a thousand crimes.

To Napoleon we can set down only the crimes.

But it is not in the admiration exhibited by our neighbors for its pet rulers only, that they have been unfortunate. It is surely equally disastrous for a nation to have two such literary heroes as Voltaire and Rousseau; of whom a French writer, more alive to their odious qualities than most of his countrymen, has lately declared, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, "When I think of one, I prefer the other." Another of the leading heroes in French history is Mirabeau; and though Gambetta was free from the infamies clinging to the memory of that great orator, a nation that can find nothing better to admire, in the space of half a century, than Léon Gambetta, is either very unfortunate in its children, or is singularly crooked in its tastes. Amongst ourselves, the failure of such men as Charles James Fox and Sheridan to inspire complete respect has prevented them from reaping the full credit due to their abilities. We know nothing discreditable against Chaucer, nothing discreditable against Milton, nothing (save absolute conjecture) against Shakespeare; and Spenser and Scott may be taken as the *beau ideal* of lettered gentlemen. Pope's methodical lying, as the phrase is, "sticks in our gizzard," and darkens his fame. Byron's coarse irregularities in Venice, though probably not so bad as vulgar rumor and his own perverseness represented them to be, have militated, and will always militate, despite his enormous genius, against his general popularity; and it is in vain that Shelley's special champions will endeavor to persuade us to accept him as an exceptionally beautiful character, until they can clear him from the reproach of having treated Harriet Westbrook with a deplorable unconsciousness of marital or even masculine responsibility.

It is, therefore, no merely speculative or academical task to inquire what is the idea or conception of the truly admirable at present held by the English people; for in proportion as their conception is or is not just and manly, shall we be forced to

conclude that they are in the right path or the wrong one. In the present juncture of our affairs, their heroes or favorites are no longer kings, statesmen properly so called, or soldiers, but speakers, and that particular class of speakers whose theme is politics and who sit in the lower house or popular chamber. It is perfectly natural that this should be so; for monarchs in England, being now confined to the practice of negative virtues, however much they may be loved and revered, cannot well figure as the embodiment of ideal conduct in the popular imagination; while statesmanship proper is, perforce, imperfectly apprehended by the crowd, and we are too peace-loving to look for our current hero in a bold, competent general. Oratory, on the other hand, more especially political oratory, brings a public man into the closest contact with the millions who now decide, at least during his or their lifetime, whether a man is a proper object of admiration and enthusiasm. He talks a language they understand in a manner they understand, and the subjects of his discourse are subjects they, at any rate, believe they comprehend, and in which, in any case, they are all interested.

But, indeed, few words are required to explain how it is that prominent politicians have become, in these days, persons ostensibly of so much consequence. They are the register of the national ideal or conception, I will not say, of greatness, for that might sound like an exaggeration, but of what is admirable. That being so, it is a matter of no small interest, and no small moment, to learn who the politicians are whom the English people most admire, and what are the qualities for which mainly they admire them. In other words, do the English people admire their leading politicians chiefly for their character, or chiefly for their ability? To me it seems that if their admiration be principally bestowed on character, then we are still sound and hale as a community, and may face the future, whatever difficulties it may have in store for us, if not with a light heart, at any rate with a cheerful one. If, on the contrary, the popular admiration and enthusiasm be for ability rather than for character, then we are in a parlous bad way, and are treading the road at the end of which are national decay and decadence.

I suppose the two politicians who, in our time, have excited the largest amount of popular admiration and aroused the strongest feeling of popular enthusiasm,

are Lord Beaconsfield and Mr. Gladstone. For what have they been admired, and what was it in them that caused them to be the object of such fervent worship? The ability of both is incontestable; but there exists considerable difference of opinion concerning their character. It seems rather a hazardous thing to attempt to adjudicate on so ticklish a point. Nevertheless, let us handle it with as much impartiality as circumstances will permit.

I do not know whether it has ever struck any one else; but it has more than once occurred to me, that these two men, so unlike in almost every particular, rivals for so many years, and certainly entertaining for each other a very qualified admiration, afford the greatest of all contrasts in this one respect: that whereas Lord Beaconsfield, as far as character is concerned, began his career very unsatisfactorily, and ended it with remarkable and justly earned credit, Mr. Gladstone entered public life, and for many years comported himself, in the most blameless manner, yet has so demeaned himself towards the close of his days as to forfeit the approval and, I fear, the esteem, of the most approved and esteemed of his oldest friends. Surely there is something very curious in this. While the author of "Vivian Grey" was proclaiming the world to be his oyster, which he with pen and tongue would open, "the hope of the unbending Tories" was entering Parliament, in the then orthodox fashion, under ducal patronage, and advancing no claim save to be a useful and modest public servant. But as the years went on, the flippant writer of "Vivian Grey" ripened into the serious author of "Coningsby" and "Sybil," and the outrageous candidate for High Wycombe sobered down into the orderly member for Bucks, and finally matured into the parent of the Reform Bill of 1867 and the sponsor of a European treaty that brought England peace with honor. Perhaps I may be allowed to cite what I said in verse on the morrow of his death, since it expresses with more succinctness than is attainable in prose, what seems to me the just verdict on his character and career:—

From callow youth to mellow age,  
Men turn the leaf and scan the page,  
And note, with sense of loss,  
How wit to wisdom could mature,  
How duty burned ambition pure,  
And purged away the dross.

Thus he, unwitting youth once flown,  
With England's greatness linked his own,

And, steadfast to that part,  
Held praise and blame but fitful sound,  
And in the love of country found  
Full solace for his heart.

No impartial or wise biographer of Lord Beaconsfield will attempt to exonerate his youth and the earlier stages of his manhood from the reproach of a selfish and somewhat vulgar ambition, entailing flagrant aberrations from fixed ideas and tenacious principles. *Rem, honeste, si possis; si non, quocunque modo, rem*, was, at the outset of his life, the dominant maxim of his conduct; the *res*, in his case, being notoriety, power, and personal advancement. Some persons, perhaps, will think that, in saying this, I am excessively frank; but my candor would not be complete if I did not add that I think we ought to look somewhat leniently on these lingering manifestations of the taint of original sin, the abundant inheritance of egotism and self-assertion, we all more or less bring into the world with us; more especially when the culprit reaches puberty with the consciousness of great capacity, and is destitute either of the rank or of the wealth in the absence of which an aristocratic and plutocratic community, such as England was when Benjamin Disraeli attained his majority, is not in the habit of extending to great capacity a cordial welcome. The lines of the satirist, so bitter in their simple truth,

Haud facile emergunt quorum virtutibus obstat  
Res angusta domi,

taking *res angusta domi* to signify lack of connection with some powerful house as well as a slender purse, may fairly be pleaded as some excuse for the undignified and devious vagaries of a youth eager to force himself into a position which he perceives other men occupying, simply because, in the phrase of Voltaire, they have given themselves the trouble of being born. To suggest this palliation for the political and literary extravagances of Disraeli's youth is not to absolve, much less to admire, them; nor would it be worth while to do even that much, were it not that he made amends, when he got fairly into the saddle, for the irregularities originally committed by his vaulting ambition. That he became in the end as true and steadfast a patriot as is possible to any man thoroughly enmeshed in party politics, I am certain. I remember his deep distress on the morrow of the announcement of the armistice concluded with the Boers after Majuba Hill. "A

ministry," he said to me, not with exultation or hope, but with profound despondency, "that follows up that disgraceful armistice with a disgraceful peace, will not last a week." He proved to be an indifferent prophet; but, at least, he spoke like a sound patriot.

Now, for what qualities was it that the English people admired Lord Beaconsfield, when of their admiration he at length became the object? Was their enthusiasm excited by his ability or by his character; by the tinsel and glitter of "The Young Duke" and "Henrietta Temple," or by the solid reflections and sober survey of party strife to be found in "Lord George Bentinck, a Biography;" by the flashing and crackling pyrotechnics of his earlier oratory, or by the steady light-giving flames of his later speeches? In a word, did they admire him for his defects or for his real merits?

In answering this question, one must be cautious, lest one should justly be accused of overlooking indisputable facts. But what the reply must in substance be, I entertain little doubt. That the attention of the English people was first aroused by the air of original coxcombry with which Benjamin Disraeli made his appearance on the stage of public life; that they were interested by his audacity and fascinated by the strange mixture of genius and charlatanism that distinguished his early utterances,—would not be denied by any candid person. But attention, interest, and even fascination, are something quite different from admiration; and, far from the English people being quick to entrust the direction of their fortunes to this brilliant writer and sparkling speaker, they continued to be disinclined to commit any serious task to his charge, by reason of this brilliance, even for a considerable time after he had in large measure purged himself of it, and had become a painstaking, methodical, and measured politician. If any one will take the trouble to read carefully the speeches on the condition and prospects of agriculture delivered by him in the House of Commons in the years 1846 and 1847, included in the collection of Lord Beaconsfield's speeches edited by Mr. Kebbel, he will, I think, allow that there must have existed the strongest prejudice against a man who could not, on the strength of those speeches, get the whole world to regard him as a serious and solid statesman. The prejudice did exist; and it was a just prejudice, a prejudice based on the political vaporings that had accompanied his path to notoriety.

No doubt when, in course of time, this just prejudice was justly discarded—by many persons it never was—then the English people, always generous to their favorites, not only made allowances, as I have argued we all should do, for the fermenting ambition of his youth and for the obstacles it had to encounter, but placed to his credit the courage, the tenacity, even the recklessness, which by a rigorous analyst are not to be disentangled from the errors all dispassionate persons must condemn.

The answer, therefore, to the question is that, in the case of Lord Beaconsfield, the English people blamed what was blameworthy, distrusted what was untrustworthy, and admired what was admirable. Had not wit ripened into wisdom, had not duty burnt ambition pure, he would never have become prime minister of England.

At the same time, though this may be the equitable verdict on the career of Benjamin Disraeli taken in its integrity, it is not to be denied that it is in some respects *pessimi exempli*, and that the nation has nothing to gain, and everything to lose, by encouraging others to seek fame along the road of notoriety. Fortunately, the danger in the long run is not very great; since it is not every ambitious politician that he fancies himself an embryo Alcibiades, who gains much by painting his dog's tail. I will not say there has not been recently any example to the contrary. But, as a rule, the qualities and the character that enable a man to be rapidly notorious, disqualify him from becoming solidly and continuously successful; and it is not on the racecourse alone that "certain winners" fall out of the running, by reason either of want of staying power, or through defects of temper. Those who want to imitate the career of Lord Beaconsfield, whether they possess something of his other gifts or they do not, must at least learn to be patient and self-controlled.

What is it, we have now to ask, that has aroused in the English people the admiration they certainly once entertained, and the enthusiasm many of them apparently still feel, for Mr. Gladstone? Is it his character or his ability? Is not the true answer this, that what we all of us once admired was the seemingly harmonious combination of ability and character to be observed in him; and what some people still admire is the manifestly unimpaired ability, and their reminiscence of his character, which they are unwilling to surrender? Never did an English politician

lay the foundations of his reputation more deeply or more solidly. Though leaving college already notorious for quickness of apprehension, for readiness of language, and for an ample vocabulary — attributes that at once tell in the House of Commons — Mr. Gladstone attached himself to the rudimentary drudgery of official life with all the conscientious humility of a person of moderate but painstaking talents. Thus, he was highly esteemed as an expert in matters of administration long before he was famous as an orator. There was no precipitation in his advance to distinction. All was leisurely and decent in his gradual progress to the port of power; and even when, at length, he was borne gallantly along by the winds of unsurpassed popularity, the cargo was worthy of the sails, and the solidity of his knowledge more than balanced the fulness of his renown.

Who would have thought that a vessel, at once so well trimmed and so well laden, could capsize? Only those who foresaw that, as the gale and gusts of popular acclaim rose higher and ever higher, instead of the sails being reefed, more sail, and ever more sail, would be clapped on, and this splendid bark would hurry downward to perdition.

More than fifty years ago, the father of this remarkable man, on being complimented concerning the ability of his son, replied that his ability was indisputable, but that "he feared ability was not associated with stability." I think it is want of stability of character that places a man at the mercy of the winds of private flattery and of the waves of popular enthusiasm. Like other people, Mr. Gladstone had a bent; no ignoble one, surely. But he has been fooled to the top of it. The bent was sympathy, and the lavish exercise of it. He has given of it in abundance, and in super-abundance. But what he gave, he demanded. Without the sympathy of others he can neither live, move, nor have his being; and to such a nature, in such days as these, the sympathy that is at once the most tangible and the most efficient is the sympathy of the multitude. Committed to such company, and borne along by such helping hands, a man's course can easily be foreseen. He will be carried fast, and he will be carried far. But he will be borne beyond himself, and beyond any prescribed or possible path, and the end of the journey will be the sudden cessation of any road at all, and the perplexity of the brilliant traveller and his vociferous escort

when confronted with a dense and impassable jungle.

There is this peculiarity, moreover, to be noted, when discoursing of character and ability, that whereas ability, as a rule, is a thing manifest, continuous, and identical, character, though a much more profound and more persistent attribute, is far more occult and, at certain times and seasons, singularly misleading. The reason of the contrast between them I take to be this: ability is given fair play, is encouraged, and is allowed to manifest itself in its own fashion, and of its own free will; character is checked, disciplined, moulded, and apparently modified. Thus the character displayed by a person in childhood may seem almost to have vanished in youth and early manhood. But with the meridian, and still more in the decline of life, it returns. Horace's pitchfork, or what we should call the force of education and external discipline, is laid aside; and then back comes the natural man.

If we apply this theory to the case in point, we shall understand how it is that the Mr. Gladstone of the last ten — I should myself be disposed to say, of the last twenty years, or during the period that has elapsed since Mr. Disraeli's Reform Bill of 1867, was not visibly foreshadowed by the Mr. Gladstone of the thirty years that preceded them. His character was held in check by his admirable education. He came out of an excellent nest, and he was fledged in the best of fields — Eton, Oxford, and the House of Commons, as it then was. What a contrast to the lonely and morally untutored nonage of the author of "*Vivian Grey*," or rather to the impersonal but injurious influences that spurred into excessive self-assertion a character so solid and stable as Lord Beaconsfield's proved itself to have been! But, by degrees, the restraints of early training wore off; and the natural temperament of Mr. Gladstone, the temperament that, yearning to give and to receive sympathy, found its highest satisfaction in the panegyrics of friendship and the adulations of the mob, asserted its freedom. It is the cardinal defect of such characters that they cannot bear defeat with equanimity; for defeat seems to show that the balance of human sympathy is against them. These are the men who, if the world was falling, instead of standing fearless among the ruins, would help to pull it down. They cannot live without a majority. The first conclusive symptom in Mr. Gladstone of this diseased desire for sympathy, or for the support of the greater

number of those who have support to offer, was when Mr. Disraeli got the better of him in the duel between them in 1866-67 over the Electoral Reform Bill. From that time to this, there has been a steady deterioration, or, rather, a steady development, of the character of Mr. Gladstone, acting as a politician. The process need not be described in detail; and indeed it would furnish forth a melancholy and depressing story. But the inflammatory Midlothian campaign on the morrow of the publication of the memorable and mischievous pamphlet, "Bulgarian Horrors," may perhaps be regarded as the half-way house of the downward journey; and its last stage is now being traversed, in the friendly company of men whose steps Mr. Gladstone himself once denounced as being "dogged with crime."

Such is the contrast between the two most popular public men of our time. Might we not say that Lord Beaconsfield acquired his reputation, as some men acquire fortune, by gambling on the Exchange, and then husbanded and spent it like an English gentleman; whereas Mr. Gladstone, having inherited a fair stock of esteem, and having greatly added to it by the steady industry of his manhood, has squandered it in his old age with all the recklessness of an incorrigible spendthrift?

But in the case of the one man as in the case of the other, I believe the English people have admired what is admirable, and now in their heart of hearts do most seriously blame what is blameworthy. Mr. Disraeli had to contend for years against the prejudice his own antecedents had excited against him. Mr. Gladstone is still profiting, to some extent, by the remembrance of the virtues he has abandoned. The one stumbled at the beginning, and then righted himself. The other has fallen at the end, and his recovery from the fall seems almost beyond the range of hope.

The popularity of Lord Beaconsfield and Mr. Gladstone was acquired, for the most part, at a time when the persons directly interested in politics were only half as numerous as they are at present; and it may perhaps be thought that, even if it be allowed that the ideal of the electoral body, when limited, was sound and manly, it does not follow the ideal of an electoral body practically unlimited will be equally sensible and wise. I see but little reason, however, for believing that the ideal of the one will vary materially from the ideal of the other; at least, not

in the long run. It is easier now than it once was, for a political adventurer to make himself conspicuous, and in a certain sense popular, by unworthy arts and flimsy accomplishments. But if he is to retain any notoriety that will be useful to himself, still more if his popularity is to be enduring, he must supplement the gaudy show in the shop window by honest goods in the back premises. In other words, mere speech will not do forever; there must be brain-power at the back of it, and there must be character as well. It might be deemed invidious to illustrate this assertion by a definite example. But surely every one can satisfy himself by taking a little thought, that it is exceedingly dangerous for the most popular speaker, even when he has been afforded the opportunity of exhibiting his capacity as an administrator, to give a shock to the growing belief in the solidity of his talents and the sobriety of his character, by gratuitous displays of ignorance and wanton outbursts of perverseness.

If, on the other hand, we ask ourselves who are the public men that are the most admired and the most trusted even by the multitude, I hardly think I can be wrong in naming Lord Salisbury, the Marquis of Hartington, and Mr. Goschen. The talents of the three men are dissimilar and unequal; but they all possess the specific attribute of character. They carry weight. Why? Surely it is because they have placed their abilities at the disposal, not of their personal rancor or individual aggrandizement, but at the disposal of their judgment and their conscience. To use a colloquial phrase, you know where you have them. They do not say one thing to-day and another thing to-morrow. They are *tenaces propositi*. Their chief endeavor is to say what they think, in contradistinction to those orators who are anxious mainly to say something or other in the most telling manner possible, whether they think it or they do not. The intellect of Lord Salisbury is so efficient an instrument that it must perforce have cut deep, however employed. But it is the growing public consciousness that it is employed only for the purpose of helping the State, which has slowly but surely procured for him the position of authority and influence he now occupies.

The brain-power of Mr. Goschen is patent. But it seems to me there is less of the literary quality, always so attractive, in his speeches, than in that of any other politician of like distinction. Moreover, he seems to disdain to cultivate the graces

and tricks of the orator. Yet, listen to him for five minutes, and you are at his mercy. A man is before you; an able, honest, overpoweringly earnest man; and all the canons of Aristotle and Longinus lose their force, all the standards of oratory lingering in your mind from your reminiscences of Demosthenes, Cicero, or Burke, are overthrown, and you are swept along by that tumbling, stumbling, headlong torrent of irresistible conviction and courage.

The native ability of Lord Hartington, though unquestionable and conspicuous, cannot, I think, be paragoned with that of either of the statesmen just mentioned. Yet there are numbers of people who pin their faith to Lord Hartington more than to any politician living; and they do so because they believe he possesses, in a pre-eminent degree, the qualities that are comprised in the word character.

It would be easy to name other men living in the public eye, who owe the great esteem in which they are held less to their ability, notorious though it is, than to their character. But there is one public man more especially whom this comparison and contrast at once bring before the mind. Opinion has usually been indulgent to the practical ambition of successful lawyers. It is the proud distinction of Sir Henry James to have refused the legitimate crown of his powerful talents, in deference to political scruples that have never been exacted from members of his profession. It is a fine thing to be a great lawyer, a far finer to be a fastidious man of honor. But, indeed, one may say of all the prominent members of the Liberal Unionist party that they have almost made us forget their intellectual attainments, their political vigor, and their gift of effective speech, by riveting our attention on their disinterested virtue.

These, surely, are facts worth dwelling on; these, surely, may be accepted as encouraging omens, in days when the note of despondency, not without some cause, is struck so frequently by commentators on our condition and prospects. Yet another phenomenon of promise may be mentioned, viz., the complete and acknowledged success, in a singularly difficult post, of the present leader of the House of Commons. Others may admire a more Corinthian style. For my part, I am well content with the Doric deportment of plain Mr. Smith.

It behoves us all, it seems to me, to minister in our small way, but to the best of our ability, to the formation and main-

tenance of a just national ideal of what is admirable; and it is for that reason I have ventured to write this paper. As I close it, words that seem to sanction what I have written, since they are a portion of the imaginative yet strictly practical wisdom of Shakespeare, come into my mind:—

The purest treasure mortal times afford,  
Is spotless reputation; that away,  
Men are but gilded loam and painted clay.

ALFRED AUSTIN.

From Good Words.  
**THE ROYAL DUKE-DOCTOR.**  
BY MARGARET HOWITT.

PRINCE Charles Theodore, Duke of Bavaria, is the son and heir of the traveller and author, Maximilian, who, the head of a distinct royal line in Bavaria, bears the title, "Herzog in Bayern," and of Ludovica, youngest daughter of King Maximilian Joseph, first king of Bavaria. He was born August 9, 1839, and married, at Dresden, in 1865, the pious princess Sophia, daughter of the learned scholar, King John of Saxony. Left a widower in March, 1867, with an only child, a little girl, he married, seven years later, the princess Mary Josepha, Duchess of Braganza, Infanta of Portugal, the third of Don Miguel's gifted daughters.

The prevention and cure of disease have from an early age possessed a peculiar fascination for his Royal Highness, who is pre-eminently fitted by nature to pursue this branch of science. As soon therefore as he could free himself from his military duties, he regularly studied and worked in a hospital. He was at first silently and persistently opposed and obstructed by members of the medical staff, until finally his indomitable tenacity and skill compelled them to acknowledge him no dilettante, but an adept in scientific and practical medicine and surgery.

By degrees he devoted his energies to the service of the blind; and a glance at the condition of the afflicted race makes us recognize the importance of this noble purpose.

Only a minute proportion of the one million four hundred thousand totally blind people, who, it is estimated, inhabit the globe, can be benefited by the eighty-two schools or asylums which have sprung into existence since 1784. Most blind children belong to the lower class, and often owe their calamity to neglect at their birth or in infancy; and Abbé Gridel, at the In-

ternational Congress for the Blind, held at Paris in 1878, lamented that in consequence of the small attention paid to their education in their poor homes, and the few vacancies in the inadequate number of blind institutions, the majority are condemned to a sorrowful, idle existence.

There is, moreover, a large quota of partially blind intermingled with the seeing population; and far too many bread-winners, such as engravers in metal, cameo-cutters, and needle-women, who, to earn present relief, ruin their precious eyesight and future independence. The daily hardships of the indigent poor are immense, the privations of those well-to-do far from insignificant. In the words of an elderly certificated teacher to the blind, who lost his sight in infancy: "Grewsome is the darkness which hides from us everything that nature and art reveal to the soul by the eye; horrible the chasm which separates us from our fellowmen; yet infinitely more galling than either the darkness or the chasm is the fact that, whilst our very infirmity intensifies our capacity of joy or pain, it debars us from countless sources of pleasure and profit."

It is to the relief of such sufferers that Duke Charles Theodore offers his time, money, and skill. In this beneficent cause he is most efficiently seconded by his young and courageous wife. Married at the early age of seventeen, she has qualified herself under her husband's direction for the treatment of disease; and, although an innate votary of cleanliness and freshness, accepts perpetual contact with dirt and poverty, and never shrinks from the most loathsome sights and smells; whilst he, animated with a love of incessant work and increasing knowledge, introduces into his hospital at Tegernsee the latest scientific discoveries of the healing art, which he learns each year in Munich or Vienna.

At Tegernsee, some thirty miles south-east of Munich, the palace stands on the eastern shore of the broad lake, environed by the village. It was until 1803 a famous Benedictine monastery, with a long line of abbots extending over a thousand years. After its sequestration it was made the summer residence of King Max Joseph. The church was left undisturbed in the centre of the western façade; the cells of the southern wing were transformed into suites of cheerful, even handsome apartments; the northern wing became a brewery. Duke Charles Theodore inherited the domain on the demise of his maternal uncle, Prince Charles of Bavaria, a mag-

nate of the old school, fastidious and exclusive in his tastes, yet kind and considerate to his dependants. The new possessor and his wife—ever his true helpmate—immediately began a life of hard work and philanthropy that at first astonished the people, until they fully recognized the rare qualities of the royal master and mistress.

The duke and duchess spend a great part of each year on this estate, carefully watching over the training of their bright and happy children; often surrounded by other merry little folks and their parents, all closely attached relatives gathered together for the celebration of beautiful family festivals. But whilst enjoying an ideal domestic life, they never forget their sick, to whom they daily minister in their hospital. It is situated at a quarter of an hour's walk from the palace, and is served by sisters of charity.

Amongst the many interesting cures effected by the duke at Tegernsee, may be mentioned those of children born blind. Of course, in the education of the blind, the knowledge of external objects is chiefly conveyed by touch, giving a double significance to the words of Holy Writ: "The eye cannot say to the hand, I have no need of thee." A tiny girl, who had thus been trained, when she could see was noticed by the duchess silently to contemplate then stroke a table and afterwards a chair. A boy, who had likewise received sight, was unable to tell her Royal Highness whether her watch was round or square, until he had felt it. At first it was difficult for the children to walk alone with their eyes open, especially in going down-stairs; and she would gladly have retained them near her for some time, to study their unfolding faculties, had not the relatives naturally required the return of little ones who had not hitherto beheld their faces.

The duke unfortunately suffers from a delicate chest, which compels him at times to seek a mild climate. In the spring of 1885 it was consequently decided that he should make a stay of some weeks at Me- ran.

The Villa Aders, situated on the slopes of Obermais, was hired for the ducal family and suite. They had scarcely arrived, when his Royal Highness, although troubled with a bronchial catarrh, finding the prescribed rest insupportable, arranged, with the ready co-operation of the local authorities, for two large adjoining rooms in the town hospital to be placed at his disposal. He next announced his readi-

ness to give advice and aid to any sufferers from diseases of the eye.

At first lethargy, diffidence, or self-caution held back many totally or partially blind, till the duke's kindness and skill being tested, they began rapidly to stream to Meran from all corners of Tyrol; the applicants, according to regulation, resorting at stated hours to the Villa Aders to be inspected by the duke, who, should their case require it, then admitted them to his infirmary at the hospital.

This public institution is a comparatively small ordinary three-storied building, separated by the river from the town. It possesses, however, one beautiful architectural feature — a venerable church dating back to mediæval times, with a quaint old western portal.

Let us now suppose ourselves privileged to enter the duke's wards. At half past six A. M., we find the two spacious, usually cheerful southern rooms in that state of obscurity in which they must now be kept even at the brightest noon. In the first, the two opposite rows of beds contain recumbent, motionless male figures, with bandaged heads, in the hospital dressing-gowns, made of red and white striped ticking. The second and inner room has a similar arrangement of bandaged females in white bed-gowns. In both wards the blackboard affixed above each bed, announcing the case under treatment, almost universally has in white chalk the word *Staar* (cataract). From want of space several male and female patients are propped up with cushions in armchairs. All need a great deal of help, particularly the freshly operated upon; who are forbidden to stir hand or foot, or lift the head when taking food; or in the most important cases to move the jaw in mastication.

The sister of charity in charge is completing the arduous administration of coffee and bread to each, when the door opens, and a gentleman enters, carrying a case of instruments. The duke, for it is he, quietly asks for a lighted candle, which the sister holds, and begins his round from bed to bed, unbandaging the eyes, carefully examining and dressing them. It is a noted fact that the blind in his isolated condition feels the need of a friend and confidant much more than the seeing. Usually nothing is so unpleasant to him as to be quite alone, for he then realizes to the full the difficulty of his position; and he clings with body and soul to those who are genuinely kind to him. Thus these poor patients, separated from their kinsfolk and acquaintance and dependent

on the duke, whom in their simplicity they often term *Herr Doctor* or *Herr Augenarzt* (eye-doctor), pour into his attentive ear the story of their maladies, their hopes and fears even on quite irrelevant but to them most weighty subjects.

Whilst thus employed systematically making his round, Dr. Tausch, his assistant, a good-humored, clever young physician from Würzburg, appears; for his Royal Highness being a very early riser and insatiable in his vocation, often arrives before the time he has fixed. With the help of this coadjutor the work of examination and bandaging goes on even more rapidly, and the thirty or forty patients are all attended to by eight o'clock.

At this hour, applicants, whom the prince has appointed to come to the hospital for operation, are ranged in the adjacent corridor. Some sit on a bench, some stand, male and female, from the octogenarian to the infant in arms, from the well-clad to the tattered malion. The slim, graceful figure of the duchess now approaches with quick elastic tread along the passage. She holds a little basket filled with cake and fruit for some small sufferer. Casting an inquiring glance at the miscellaneous waiting group, she enters the wards; and passing from bed to bed speaks cheering, appropriate words to each occupant.

The operations, which, from want of space have unfortunately to be performed in the male ward, immediately begin. The duchess recognizes each case; and perceiving at a glance what instruments will be needed holds them in readiness; and at times her good nerve and steady hand help in the operation. Imperial and royal relatives, ladies-in-waiting, perhaps an eminent physician on his travels, or some local surgeon, may be present, intently watching this exceptionally endowed couple, as with complete scientific knowledge they adroitly cure or relieve the delicate organism under treatment.

And the patients, what a strange and affecting assembly! a leading trait being immense power of endurance on the part of the hardy race of German Tyrolers, acute sensibility on that of the more nervous Italian. Many who come from solitary homesteads situated in remote valleys or on lofty mountains, and speak varied and almost unintelligible dialects, are odd, grotesque, uncouth; yet possess an innate good breeding, whilst wholly ignorant of all customary observances to rank. Some, who have seen more of the world, affect a superior, even patronizing air to their

comrades. Some are facetious, some not easily to be subdued. Not a few are truly heroic by nature, others are nerved to support agony under such unique and flattering conditions. The sensitive are often too much overcome for words; and when blessed with sight, find relief by repeatedly kissing the duke's beneficent hand. Hundreds have never before been brought in contact with any high-born lady; and the princess's gentle frankness and rapidity — for she has a facility of doing all she attempts quickly and well — enthrall their hearts and minds. It is a homogeneous mass of human sufferers, presenting day by day, week by week, the same tragic and even comic forms and characteristics, which are relieved, however, of all dull uniformity to the duke and duchess by their own enthusiasm, sympathy with human nature, and delicate sense of humor.

Often seven or eight operations are to be performed, keeping their Royal Highnesses necessarily fully occupied until ten o'clock, when they return home to breakfast. Should, however, there be sufficient vacant beds for more patients or if the operations are long the duke may be detained in the infirmary until twelve; his stay being often occasioned as much by kindness of heart as absolute necessity, and that in defiance of the strain and fatigue of mind and body, and of the fact of his being at Meran for the benefit of his health.

When the benign presence of the duke and duchess no longer lightens the tedium, the hours drag wearily on in the gloomy infirmary. There are little *contretemps*; ignorant and undisciplined patients, scoffing at the absolute need of the enforced passivity, talk and crack jokes; even the willing and obedient, made irritable by the limited space and constrained position, fidget and move, or sneeze vigorously and clumsily, to the disarrangement of bandages. But good manners are speedily restored by the reminder: "What would the duchess say?" Now and then a legitimate diversion occurs; food has to be slowly imbibed; a convalescent patient up, and in possession of at least one free eye, fetches water for the thirsty or conveys messages between distant chums; a girl detained in the hospital for the adjustment of an artificial eye, is heard rolling the long bandages on a little wooden machine fastened to the table.

Whilst these poor mortals are enduring to the best of their ability this chrysalis stage of darkness and torpor, other sufferers are groping their way, being led,

carried, or if well-to-do, conveyed in bath-chairs, to the Villa Aders. Old and young from far and near, with every possible derangement of eyesight — blind from their birth, or blind from small-pox, fever, inflammation, cataract, external injury, defect in the optic nerve, imperfect organization, gradual decay — on they troop to be received by the duke, at first each afternoon, later, thrice in the week; the highest number reached in any afternoon being ninety-one, the total two thousand.

The footmen welcome each newcomer with a personal interest and deference that tranquillizes the poor blind, whose susceptibilities are great; and after arranging them in the spacious entrance hall, usher them by turn into the presence of the duke and duchess. Their Royal Highnesses, in the most easy and natural way, attend to each case, make out together what illiterate peasants, wholly ignorant of all laws of nature and health, mean in their strange *patois* — he tenderly lifting shaggy, unkempt hair off weather-beaten foreheads to obtain a clearer view of the defective eyesight; she ever on the alert, helping the poor people to explain themselves, and when need be, writing out a diagnosis or a prescription for the duke to sign.

An example so fruitful in many forms of good was not lost on the population of Meran; native and foreign inhabitants had never before witnessed such inestimable favors conferred by any visitor or invalid; it was a novel feature, which awakened a deep, heartfelt response. As the time approached for their Royal Highnesses to leave, civic, religious, and medical deputations waited on them, formally to express the universal sentiments of veneration and gratitude. The parochial board of Obermais, consisting chiefly of the peasant class, surprised them by the presentation of a handsome album, beautifully bound in wood, carved with their monogram and ducal crown and with the arms of Tyrol and Meran. The dwellers in the villages, hamlets, and scattered homesteads of the three conjoining valleys, lighted beacons in their honor, on the evening of May 14, upon every visible height, slope, and peak. The Christian name of the benevolent duke-doctor shone out in letters of light on an elevated mountain surface opposite the Villa Aders, fireworks blazed forth from the castles of the resident nobility. Unfortunately a heavy downfall of rain speedily put out the pyrotechnic display, causing the beacons to smoulder red and lurid, aloft and afar,

through rain and mist; but it could not quench the lasting gratitude of the public or the response it awoke in the modest hearts of the duke and duchess. They invited the various deputations successively to dine with them at midday, and by their genuine enjoyment and indulgent consideration, which set the humblest, most awkward guest at his ease, gave lively entertainments that were limited merely in time—for the host could not neglect his afternoon patients.

They lingered on, attending to last cases, till the evening of Whit-Tuesday, May 26, when, accompanied by the duchess's devoted lady-in-waiting, the Countess Marogna, they quietly drove off to Botzen. The next morning, joined by their children and suite, they proceeded by train to Tegernsee to look after a new set of patients in their own well-appointed hospital, and in admirably organized surroundings pursue their high, concentrated aims.

The month of March, 1886, brought them once more back to Meran, where another season was spent in a similar round of arduous and munificent labors. During the ten weeks then passed in the Villa Bavaria, some twelve hundred patients resorted to the duke, and were received by him four thousand times; whilst two hundred were operated upon, and these chiefly in the hospital.

And now, in May, 1887, men, women, and children, with bandaged eyes or in spectacles, again form a prominent feature of the locality; for the royal oculist and his wife—this year assisted by a grandson of the poet Rückert—have, since the middle of March, been indefatigably pursuing their work of mercy in Meran.

From The English Illustrated Magazine.  
"OLD HOOK AND CROOK."

"If ever you rent a bit of fishing, my boy, pay your first visit *incognito*. Go down without rod, line, or anything savoring of the sportsman. And mind! do not go to the spot itself, where your presence might awaken curiosity and perhaps suspicion; but go to the nearest market-town. There, rather than in isolated cottages or small villages, you will learn the character of the natives; and there, if anywhere, you will ascertain whether there be any with poaching proclivities."

Such was the advice given me nearly forty years ago, by an old friend, one of the best anglers and one of the shrewdest

lawyers I ever knew; now, alas, with the majority. Thirty years later I first had an opportunity of practically testing the value of this advice. I had been lucky enough to secure the exclusive right of fishing over a fair stretch of water in one of the best trout streams in the south of England. The lessee to whose rights I succeeded was an honorable gentleman and a thorough sportsman. He assured me that the water had been well preserved for years, that there were plenty of fish, and that he had had no trouble with poachers. At the same time he strongly recommended me to take into my service his keeper, John Fairweather, to whom he gave a high character for honesty, willingness, activity, and knowledge of the water. This I was glad to do; and finding the man, who came up to see me, civil, modest, and straightforward, I engaged him at once, and sent him back, saying he might expect me to come and wet my line, and give orders as to weed-cutting, in a week's time.

So pleased was I with his appearance and behavior that I felt almost ashamed when the words of wisdom of my departed friend came back unbidden to my memory.

I dismissed them with a "Pshaw!" as inapplicable to the case. They recurred again. I argued with myself that it would be an insult to the high-minded gentleman whose assurance I had that poaching was unknown, and a slight on the keeper in whose honesty I had every reason to believe, if I seriously entertained the idea of sneaking down like a spy to prove the groundlessness of suspicions I never should have admitted to my mind. I succeeded in persuading myself that I was a mean and contemptible wretch, but I did not succeed in dismissing the thought. At night it repeated itself in more definite form. The very words—the tone, jestingly earnest and emphatic, and the quaint delivery of my dear old friend, were vividly recalled. Then all sorts of doubts arose. Fairweather might be honest as the day and yet might be deceived. His very straightforward sincerity suggested simplicity. His late master's veracity was, of course, beyond question; but if his keeper failed to detect poaching how should *he* know that it was practised. Then I remembered a little market-town I had put up at some years before, when I had been in that part of the country on business connected with the very estate through which the river flowed. It could not be more than three miles from the

fishing, I thought, and — was I dreaming? No! I distinctly remembered having had a dish of trout for breakfast at the inn.

This last recollection turned the scale. Sneak, or no sneak, I would go down the next day. And down I went accordingly. Having accepted the part I was to play I threw myself thoroughly into the character. My "make up" consisted of a black silk hat with morning band, gold-rimmed spectacles, a tight-fitting black cloth frock coat, light trousers that would change color at the very sight of river clay or mud, and a pair of thin patent-leather boots. My "properties" consisted of a small leather hand-bag, and the last report of the "Transactions" of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Nothing, I imagined, could be less suggestive of gloating over the dying struggles of a trout, or of tracking the trail of a poacher's "pads" through grass wet with early morning dew.

Thus equipped I sauntered down the High Street at —. It was evening, and many of the tradesmen were preparing to put up their shutters. Mr. Cockles, the fishmonger, was washing the slate slab in front of his shop with a wet cloth of doubtful purity. His restless little eyes paused on me for a moment, and seeing that I relaxed my pace, he asked me, in a tone of voice rather whining than winning, what I might please to want.

"I beg your pardon for interrupting you, but could you tell me which is the most comfortable hotel in the town? I have always found it best, when in a strange place, to ask some leading tradesman rather than take the advice of the railway officials, who, I am told, are sometimes in league with the licensed victualers."

"Quite right, sir. Now the porter would have told you the Red Lion, expecting a tip for the information, and would have popped down to the Lion as soon, or sooner than you, and claimed a pot of beer for the office."

"For the office?"

"Yes. For sending of you there."

"Dear me! How shockingly dishonest! It's as bad as the system of double commissions."

"Yes, sir," said Cockles, evidently puzzled by the simile. "Now if I was you I wouldn't go to the Lion — leastwise not if you like a quiet hotel. The Antelope, bottom of the street, that's the place for you; not so big as the Lion, but more quiet, select, and simple like. I think it's just your sort, sir," added he, venturing

another rapid glance, or rather blink at my face, on which I wore an expression of bland simplicity. "And now, sir, what might I send you up for breakfast? Or maybe you'd like a bit of fish for supper? I've some very nice soles, or a bit of salmon inside, on the ice; quite fresh — just come from London."

"So have I just come from London, and I have had plenty of soles and salmon there."

"Maybe a bit of fresh-water fish would be more of a change. I could get you some for breakfast, p'raps — from the miller."

"What sort — eels?"

"Eels has hardly begun to run yet, and is very scarce."

"Grayling?" said I innocently.

Mr. Cockles's eyes rested on me for nearly a second. Apparently satisfied that my ignorance was genuine, he replied in a playful whisper, "Graylings is as well as can be expected, but much engaged in the nursery just now, sir — breeding, you know, sir, excuse the liberty. But trout is in prime condition."

"Trout! Can you get trout here?"

"Well, sir, not as a rule. The trout is all strictly preserved *here*, but sometimes the millers a long way up the river have one or two to sell, and I *think* I might promise you some for breakfast, as you're a stranger, and it would be a treat for you. Let me see, it is full moon to-night." Possibly my face may have indicated unnatural interest at this point, at any rate Mr. Cockles paused, took another hasty glance at me, and then hurriedly added, "So I shall be able to see my way to drive my cart up to the mill, and try what I can do for you."

"Oh, thank you," said I. "If it is not giving you too much trouble. I have to travel further after breakfast to-morrow, and a dish of fresh trout is, as you say, a real treat to a Londoner."

This settled it. I was a bird of passage, and therefore not likely to tell tales.

"All right, sir, you shall have them. I may have to drive further than the first mill, in which case I shall have to charge you a trifle *extra*."

"Oh, never mind that. It is only for once, and I may not have a chance again."

"Good-night," added I, hurrying off for fear he should ask my name. As I went I nearly ran against a poor old man, apparently bent double with rheumatism and by the weight of an enormous hamper strapped across his shoulders.

He grunted something that might have

been either a salutation or a curse, and crawled, rather than walked, on, leaning heavily on a hooked stick shod with a brass ferrule. His beard and hair were white and long, his face was tanned, weather-beaten, and wrinkled, and there was a distinct trace of the gipsy in his sharply cut features and rat-like black eyes. He wore a slouched hat and was booted up to the thighs. Altogether his appearance was so picturesque and *bizarre*, that, occupied as I was with poacher on the brain, I could not refrain from turning to have another look at him. I noticed that his hamper had no lid to it, that its bottom had been forced out and was roughly fastened in its place by pieces of string, and that green leaves, apparently of watercress, were peeping through the interstices between the rods of which it was made. I noticed also, or fancied I did, that Mr. Cockles on retiring into his shop made a sign to the old cripple, who, however, acknowledged it not, but passed without looking, and labored along on his course. I heard Mr. Cockles slam his door and shoot the bolt noisily. Some moments later I thought I heard the bolt quietly withdrawn. It was clearly not in my "stage directions" to stand there. Turning towards the Antelope, and taking from my pocket a small looking-glass — my invariable companion when engaged on detective business — I sauntered slowly along. In my glass I could see what passed behind me, and this is what I saw. The cripple looked once or twice over his shoulder, paused, turned round, came back, and without stopping to knock or ring, opened the door that Mr. Cockles had so demonstratively bolted, and slipped into the house, basket and all, closing the door noiselessly behind him.

The plot began to thicken, and I trembled with excitement as I crept into the porch of an apparently unoccupied house, from which I could watch unseen the "conspirators' cave." Two or three minutes elapsed — it seemed an age — when I became aware of the presence in the street of an object resembling a huge hermit crab with a shell on its back. It was none other than the old cripple with his basket, and as ill-luck would have it, he came straight towards me. What was to be done? If I rushed out, or stood still, my presence would be equally suspicious. I turned my back to the street, and as he approached I knocked at the door loudly and angrily, as though I had been kept waiting and resented such treatment. The ruse succeeded; he passed

on without heeding me. But to my horror, I heard footsteps in the passage, and the sound of a chain being unfastened, and of bolts being withdrawn. The house was not empty after all, some one was about to open the door; what excuse could I make for knocking and knocking so emphatically? There was not much time to concoct a plausible story as the door creaked on its hinges, opened, and discovered to my view a policeman in uniform. What I should have said I know not, but to my great relief he showed neither indignation nor surprise, but looking mysteriously right and left, whispered that it was all right, the inspector had got the message and would attend to it.

"Oh, I am glad of that; that is very satisfactory," said I. "Good-night!" and off I went to the Antelope, laughing inwardly at my lucky escape from an awkward position, and wondering whether the constable was in charge of an empty house, or how he came to be there; for whom he took me; what the mysterious message to the inspector was, and to what it referred. The key to this complex enigma was afterwards given me, and although I fear the reader will hardly take sufficient interest in it to pardon further digression, I will venture to give a brief summary of the facts, which were somewhat unusual.

The policeman had taken me for an officer of the Charity Organization Society. A benevolent gentleman had given money to a poor woman to enable her to bury her husband who had died suddenly. He had seen the body decently laid out on a bed, covered with a scrupulously clean sheet. He had left the money on a table by the bedside, the bereaved widow being too agitated to take it when offered. In his anxiety to relieve her from the embarrassment caused by the presence of a stranger, he had hurried away, leaving his gloves on the table. On discovering his loss he had quietly returned to the chamber of death, and had found the corpse sitting up in bed smoking a short pipe and counting the money!

On arriving at the Antelope I ordered supper, and strolling out into the covered way leading from the street to the stable yard while it was being prepared, I entered into conversation with an ostler who was engaged in chewing a straw and polishing a colt-breaker's snaffle. Running quickly through the customary prelude of weather, farming prospects, produce of the country, etc., I easily led to the subject of watercresses and the extraordinary

figure I had seen. I learned that his name was Totty Slack, but that he was generally known as "Old Hook and Crook." "Because, you see, sir, he has a hook to rake the cresses out with, and a crook along of rheumatiz." Nothing was known against him. On the contrary he supported a large family of young grandchildren, who were orphans on the maternal side, and whose father my informant never "heered tell on," and therefore "didn't allow he was up to much." The squire had unbounded faith in the honesty of Slack; and the keeper, while pronouncing no judgment on the point of honesty, which he probably treated as irrelevant, was reported to have said that "Old Hook and Crook couldn't so much as catch a lame toad, let alone a slippery trout. There weren't no harm in he." Mr. Slack, therefore, had the sole and exclusive privilege of gathering cresses in the water meadows, back waters, and streams of the park, where he was allowed to potter about unquestioned at all times and seasons. I learned moreover the lie of the land and water, where the footpath that the squire "ud dearly loike to stop up only it ain't lawful, you know, sir," led across the park; and at what hour the full moon would be well up. The path was "better nor three mile and handy four" on the highroad, and was situate "just-over-right the lodge gates." Mentally noting these facts I went to supper, and having ordered my breakfast without reference to the promised trout, I retired to my bedroom. This was on the first floor back and the window opened over a low building with a flat roof projecting into the garden.

Nothing could be more conveniently adapted for the entrance of a burglar or the exit of an amateur detective of moderate activity.

My preparations were soon made. A pair of india-rubber-soled racquet-shoes, "silent as snow," save on loose gravel or dry sticks, were substituted for the patent-leather boots; a gray waterproof covered the black frock coat; a travelling-cap took the place of the "bell-topper," and a binocular telescope slung over the shoulder completed my costume and properties for the second act of the drama.

Here let me recommend all anglers to carry a binocular glass. It enables you to see not only *who* is by the water, but also *what* is on the water. By its aid duns and spinners of every kind can be identified, and the subtle variety of tone

in their colors accurately distinguished. This by the way. Now to my story.

Ten minutes later I had dropped from my window to the roof of the outbuilding and thence to the ground, had scaled the garden wall, and effected my escape, with no further damage than a slight stain of whitewash on my hitherto immaculate trousers. Once outside I walked briskly towards the park, smoking as I went, and enjoying my pipe all the more for the knowledge that tobacco would be "taboo" when my watch began. When I got to the footpath I had to move with more circumspection, as the moonbeams, bright though they were, could only penetrate in patches the rich full foliage of the overhanging trees.

Here I had proof how quiet was the footfall of my "padded hoof." Shrewmice rustled in the grass close to my feet, and I once nearly stepped on a rabbit squatting in the path.

Poets talk of the silent night. Silent indeed! A summer night is full of sweet and mysterious music. Do not the little birds talk in their sleep — twittering the quaintest snatches of broken song? Is there no cadence in the dying breeze, or rhythm in the ripple of the brook? While for a screaming chorus command me to a social gathering of crickets!

A sharp turn in the path suddenly brought me out of the wood into a flood of light.

It was a glorious scene. Below me a thin sheet of mist bathed in moonlight extended for miles. The winding course of the river was marked only by the willows and alders on its banks that topped the mist. Against this sea of white the dark wood-crowned hills, bounding the valley, stood out in bold relief. Above was the pure deep blue sky of the summer night.

The path now led into the valley, many a curve easing the descent. Here and there a tiny spring broke forth with grateful murmur from the hillside, and poured its little tribute into the river. As I drew near the bottom of the slope the ground felt damp and soft. The mist, usually most dense shortly after sunset, had recently extended thus far but had dispersed. Indeed it was rapidly clearing off everywhere. I could see no fresh footprints, nor the more easily distinguishable marks of the ferruled stick; but Slack might have come by some other way. No! he was not yet here. As I neared the margin of the stream a heron rose with a

startled cry. Two rival poachers would not be there together!

I was still in time. I stood on a wooden footbridge watching the mist dissolve. The process of condensation was, of course, much more rapid over the cold running water than over the heated land, and in a short time the stream looked like molten silver while the mist still hung over the water meadows. It was now clear enough to choose a hiding-place, and high time to be in ambush. A hasty survey through the binocular glasses revealed an osier bed at an angle formed by two reaches of the river. Conveniently, if not comfortably, ensconced here in an undergrowth of plants and weeds (amongst which the *Urtica dioica*, or common stinging nettle was palpably present), I could command an extensive view of the river in both directions.

Looking up stream, towards the light of the moon, its surface appeared white and brilliant, barred with black only where the water was broken in ripples as it passed over stones or gravelly shallows. Looking down stream, away from the light, it had a dark slate-colored tone lighted up with silvery white where the surface was broken. Patches of foam that looked black as they approached me seemed changed by magic into swansdown as they passed. I listened intently but could hear no footsteps. A rush monotonously nibbled by a water rat; the splash of a moorhen; the boom of a cockroach blundering through the willow rods; the melancholy cry of a distant curlew—these were the only sounds I heard. My feet were wet and I began to feel cold and cramped, and was seriously considering whether a bed at the Antelope would not be more suitable to a middle-aged lawyer of rheumatic tendency than a bed of wet nettles, when a couple of wild duck flew close over me.

From the startled quack of the mallard I could tell they had just been flushed, and looking up stream in the direction whence they came, I saw a black speck in the distance slowly moving towards me. Through my glasses I recognized Slack and his basket. My heart beat more quickly, and I felt the cold no more. Slowly and deliberately he crawled along till he came to the osier bed, and there he stopped. I held my breath and lay like one dead. Could he have seen or heard me? No. He unstrapped his basket, untying the string that held the bottom in position, took off his hat and coat, drew a small folding landing-net out of his pocket

and screwed it into the ferrule of his hooked stick. He then held the stick between his teeth, as a retrieving dog might, and taking up the bottomless basket in both hands, balanced it on his head, walked round the osier bed and waded into the water. Knowing that the noise of the ripple against his legs as he waded would prevent his hearing me, I now ventured to rise on my feet, that I might be in a better position to watch his movements.

Arrived at mid-channel he proceeded up stream moving diagonally from left to right, and then from right to left. His course being, in fact, very similar to that of a ship tacking against the wind, or of a pointer ranging over a stubble field. Suddenly he stopped. The water was shallow, and through my glasses I could see the wave of a fish he had started. It shot straight up stream into deeper water and, as it seems, took refuge under a long tress of weed. Slack's mode of procedure now underwent a change. Instead of progressing diagonally he followed the fish in a direct line, and instead of splashing carelessly as he walked, he moved one foot after the other slowly and cautiously, so as to avoid any unnecessary displacement of the water. When he came to the tail of the weed he stood perfectly still for some moments and then reversed and steadily lowered the basket between his outstretched arms until the rim on which the lid had once fitted was parallel to and almost touching the surface of the water. He then gradually depressed the basket until it touched the upper side of the weed. From this moment caution gave place to rapidity of action. The basket was forced down to the ground enclosing both weed and fish, and the latter was scooped out through the opening from which the bottom had been removed, in the landing-net, carried on shore, and knocked on the head, in less time than it takes to relate. The fish having been carefully laid in the grass by the coat Slack again entered the water; this time some fifty yards below the osier bed. I will not weary the reader with a detailed account of his second capture. It will be enough to say that the fish was landed exactly opposite to me. As he turned towards me to come on shore I called out, "There, that will do, Hook and Crook. A brace will be quite enough for my breakfast." The effect was marvellous. For a moment he started up in way that showed his back was not—in engineering phrase—"bent beyond the limits of per-

fect recovery." He threw his hamper in the water and made for the opposite shore.

Seeing he was about to throw away the net with its contents, I said, "Don't throw the fish away, man; what will Cockles say if you don't bring him a brace?"

He hesitated and muttered something inaudible.

"Take my advice, Totty Slack, don't go home without your coat, you'll be half dead with rheumatism if you do; and if your coat is found here with a trout lying by, you'll be convicted in no time, and then who is to take care of your poor grandchildren while you are doing your spell in jail?"

The old poacher winced, and sullenly returned to the osier bed, picking up his basket as he came.

Meanwhile I had taken the liberty of searching the pockets of his coat and extracting therefrom some florists' wire, fine and malleable, such as is used in Covent Garden in making up bouquets and button-holes. A short clay pipe—an old offender—black and sticky as treacle, tempted me not, and need I say I reverently returned a tobacco-pouch made of the skin of a water rat and illuminated with the inscription "*For Dear Grandpa*" worked in coarse glass beads. A more wicked expression than that in Totty Slack's eyes, as I handed him his coat and offered to help him on with it, I hope I may never see.

I believe he suspected that I meant to pinion him from behind while his arms were encumbered in the sleeves. He hissed rather than said, "What's your move now? You've copped me and I chuck up the sponge and come quiet, but hands off or ——"

"Don't be a fool, Slack," said I, quietly filling and lighting my pipe to reassure him. "Do you think I'm afraid of losing sight of you? You are pretty well known all the country round, and 't's easy to find the old fox if you know where the cubs are,' as they say."

"Well, I'm in for the stone jug this time to rights, but strike me paralyzed if that cur Cockles that rounded on me don't keep me company. The scores o' trout he's had o' me for twopence a pound, and left me well-nigh starving of a winter time. No, I don't go in alone."

"All right, Slack, you shall *not* go in alone, I promise you that. Take a drop of whiskey, it will keep the cold out. And now I want to know how you use this wire."

"That wire?" said he; "why, that's

for tying up wild flowers and bunches of cresses, of course!"

"Of course it is, how silly of me not to have thought of that," said I, making a running noose in one end and fastening the other to a piece of string with a gut knot. "And now," said I, handing it to Slack, "cut a willow rod and let me see what sort of a hand you are at tying up cresses!" A comical expression, half angry, half amused, passed over the face of the old poacher.

"Blowed if you ain't fly to the whole bag of tricks," said he, admiring the neatness of the knots and the smooth run of the noose. "It's a treat to work with tools like this. But what's your little game?" added he with alarm. "You wouldn't go and get a cove three months more for wiring, after kidding of him on, would you?"

"Not I, Totty; I am going to try myself, and if you won't split on me I won't split on you," said I, laughing. He still looked doubtful, but on my putting into his hand a smooth, evenly balanced willow rod, stiff enough to draw the slip-noose home, and yet lissome enough to avoid the danger of breaking the "tack" on a big fish, he mechanically fastened on the string with a couple of half-hitches, and winding the spare string round the point of the rod as he went, walked down to the footbridge. "Which of them three would you like?" whispered he, pointing into the (to me) impenetrable obscurity of the shadow cast by the bridge.

"The one nearest the pile," said I at chance.

"No fool neither!" muttered the old poacher; "he ain't so long as the others, but if he don't weigh more I'll eat him alive."

By this time my eyes had become somewhat attuned to the darkness, and through the glasses, the projecting barrels of which excluded the distracting light playing on the adjacent water, I was able dimly to discern three dark objects, which I knew to be trout, lying side by side at a depth of about six or eight inches below the surface of the water. As their position remained unchanged I knew that their pectoral and ventral fins were extended and gently agitated to maintain their level, while their caudal fins were actively engaged in counteracting the force of the current. But for all I could see, they might have been fixed inanimate objects. I had barely time to note this, when the wire noose was dropped with consummate skill in the right line, and at such a dis-

tance above the fish selected, as to allow of its sinking to the right depth to encircle without touching the fish at the precise moment of time it would be carried by the velocity of the stream to the point where the fish lay. A steady but rapid draw, timed to a nicety, a bold curve in the willow rod, and the trout was sparkling in the moonbeams on its flight through the air to the bank, where it was pounced upon by Slack with a suddenness truly surprising in a cripple. The mark of the collar showed a little behind its pectoral fins. Having regard to the position of the centre of gravity, and the conformation of the body of the trout, the wire could not have been more perfectly adjusted by a skilled ichthyologist on a dead fish. The performance was masterly. Here was poaching elevated to the rank of a fine art! My admiration however soon gave way to anxiety. How could I possibly expect that such a finished hand would give up his exciting sport and confine himself to the tame, monotonous, and unremunerative work of gathering watercresses? No doubt I could contrive that he should spend most of his time in prison, but somehow or other, crusty old bachelor as I then was, the inscription on the horrid tobacco-pouch —

I took a bold step. I took him into my service as watcher and under-keeper, and a better servant no man need wish to have. Fairweather, who at first thought I was mad, now allows that "Old Hook and Crook" is a dab hand at eel-lines, and the way he nips a jack out of a ditch with a bit of wire is something wonderful, "when you come to think he spent all his days a-gathering cresses."

I need hardly say I never hinted at my night's adventure to anybody except Mr. Cockles, and he left the neighborhood soon afterwards.

BASIL FIELD.

From *The Spectator.*  
THE CHARM OF POMP.

WHEN, on her day of Jubilee, the queen's procession was passing through the streets of London, it must surely have struck hundreds of those who were excited and stimulated to delight by the scene, "What is in truth the chief charm that works from all this splendor and magnificence?" It was evidently something more than the mere grandeur of the dresses and uniforms, or the brightness of the streets, gay with flags and

masts, something more than the mere carnival of color, or than the infectious joyousness of a great city in holiday mood. These are all-powerful enough to exhilarate, but there was something in the pageant that did more than cause pleasure and wonder, — something that was more strongly impressive, and not merely impressive in reflection, such as the thought of the greatness and solemnity of the occasion, but something impressive to the senses. Surely the most potent of the many elements that combined to render the public celebration of the Jubilee one of the most striking pageants ever witnessed was its pomp. To have said this, however, is in no way to explain what is the charm of pomp, or why pomp should impress us as it does. As far as mere beauty of color and of light and shadow, or of those thousand accidents of sensation pleasurable to the eye which make up what we call picturesqueness, are concerned, the illuminations were far more memorable than the procession; and yet no one, we feel certain, was impressed by them as they were by the procession. They necessarily lacked the pomp without which that feeling, half of rhythmic delight and half of awe, which is one of the most overpowering sensations of which men are capable, cannot exist. When there is no pomp, we may enjoy a great spectacle, and may have our sense of what is beautiful keenly touched; but we are left still unsubdued in mind. To believe that this is so for the majority of mankind, one has only to see what sort of pageant is the most popular with the crowd. Without doubt it is one in which the military element enters most largely. Nothing delights the crowd like the even tread and bristling bayonets of marching soldiers, or the undulation of the line of troopers as they ride with drawn sabres or glittering lances. But above all others, military displays are made up of pomp. How often, indeed, has such "pomp and circumstance" been made to support a tottering throne, or to persuade an enslaved people to forget, or not desire to break, their chains! The hunger of crowds for this, the most obvious and most effective form of pomp, is curiously illustrated by the records of great American public *fêtes*. There are no regular soldiers available for reviews or processions in America. The people, however, will not go without their military pageant, and what is supplied by soldiers in Europe, is in America made up by firemen and by clubs and societies marching in military order. No great

public ceremonies are held in America without this element of pomp being in some form or other supplied. It is curious to remember that the event which Americans seem to regard as perhaps the most splendid ceremony in their recent history is the great review at Washington at the close of the war. No doubt the sight of General Sherman's victorious veterans, as they marched past the president and General Grant, was memorable enough for other reasons. Still, at the same time, the pomp was a great element in the impressiveness of the ceremony.

To say that pomp is what makes military displays so impressive, is, however, not to explain or give the reason for the charm of pomp. Perhaps one of the most important ingredients is to be sought in the very derivation of the word, notwithstanding that it has gathered, in the course of its descent from the Greek, so much ampler a scope of signification. A solemn procession,—such is the meaning of the word from which pomp comes to us. It is not too much to say that we still primarily mean by pomp that which affects us in the movement of a solemn procession, and then that quality which produces in other things a kindred feeling. It is thus that we cannot possibly associate pomp except with what is orderly. Where there is no order, there can be no pomp. Anarchy may be picturesque and striking, but it is always without pomp. But, we may be asked, how are we to account for the undoubted pomp of the great ceremonials of the French Revolution, the enthronement of the Goddess of Reason, or the Feast of Pikes? The answer is simple enough. Paris may have been in a condition where all moral and religious order was dissolved, and, indeed, in a state as bad or worse than that of primitive lawlessness; but there was no anarchy in the strict sense. Rather, indeed, there was too much rule than too little, only the rule was of a bad kind. In a state of pure anarchy—such, for instance, as existed in London during the Lord George Gordon riots—there could not possibly have existed any element of pomp in the doings of the mob. Of course, to produce what we now associate with the word "pomp," there must be, in addition to the order (*i.e.*, rhythmic movement and arrangement) which is an essential, the elements also of magnificence, stateliness, grandeur, and propriety. March one hundred men in plain black coats, keeping step, through the streets, and you have order, but not pomp. Dress the first ten as heralds, and the remaining

ninety as Beefeaters, and arrange that they march in suitable order, and you have at once, though only in small, the effect of pomp. It is curious to notice how clearly the writers of plays and operas have understood that what delights an audience is the pomp of ordered ceremonial. To send a solemn, stately procession through the scene, is sure to secure the appreciation of the public. When, in the opera, as the convent organ peals forth its most impressive tones, and the long line of white-cowled monks winds in holy procession across the stage, who is there that is not moved? Indeed, it is very difficult to produce upon the stage any effective pageant in which pomp is not the predominant element, nor, again, any effect of pomp without some such ordered movement. Mr. Henry Irving's production of the Brocken scene in "Faust," gorgeous as it is in color at the last, and weird and horrible in its general effect throughout, for some reason or other does not impress the mind so strongly as do a great many less carefully devised and scientifically executed products of stage machinery. Probably the reason is to be found in the suggestion made above. The element of pomp given by ordered movement is wanting, and with it one of the most sensation-enthralling elements in scenic displays.

We have dealt with the charm of pomp in action. The charm of pomp in language is, however, none the less real and tangible. Like everything else in letters, the effect of pomp in language is easily rendered null, or rather made worse than nothing, made unbearable, by exaggeration. To be pompous in words is held, and rightly held, one of the greatest faults of composition. Language is far too light and delicate an instrument to bear the strain of an ill-arranged or discordant procession of high-sounding phrases without getting its noblest and purest qualities destroyed. Yet, on the other hand, no really beautiful effect of style can be produced without attention to the very artifices which in inferior writers produce the pompousness we find so disgusting. People are apt enough to say, "Pomp in language is hateful; nothing but what is simple and unadorned is tolerable;" and then to turn from this proposition to instance some passage of English prose as perfect, in which the writer can be seen, if we look below the surface, to have shown the most extreme solicitude for getting that well-ordered procession of sound and sense which is essential not only to dignified,

but to all clear and lucid writing. When we say we hate pomp in writing, we really mean bad pomp, not good. Dr. Johnson is often the extreme instance of bad pomp in words,—of pomposness of language. But if he too often fell into the strutting vein so inimitably parodied in the “Rejected Addresses,” he could also marshal his phrases and periods with a rhythm of exquisite grace. There are volumes in the style of: “Professions lavishly effused and parsimoniously verified are alike inconsistent with the precepts of innate rectitude and the practice of external policy; let it not then be conjectured, that because we are unassuming we are imbeciles; that forbearance is any indication of despondency, or humility of demerit.” (We quote from the parody, which is a convenient quintessence of Dr. Johnson’s faults of style.) But there are also passages like that which closes the “Life of Milton,” or the preface of the “Dictionary.” It is the good, not the bad pomp of language, when Johnson writes as he does of Milton’s great poems: “His great works were performed under discountenance, and in blindness; but difficulties vanished at his touch; he was born for whatever is arduous; and his work is not the greatest of heroic poems only because it is not the first.” In our own day, we have seen another instance of a writer who, though he had not sufficient taste to prevent his falling constantly into an extreme, and, indeed, ridiculous pomposity of phrase, yet at the same time, was capable of the true pomp. Lord Beaconsfield wrote the passages on the moon in “Vivian Grey” and “Tancred”; but he also wrote the impressive tribute to Lord George Bentinck. We must, however, leave the subject of the charm of pomp in words, with so much hinted as to the conditions that govern it. To pursue it in any sense adequately, would no doubt lead one along some of the most delightful paths of English literature; but the subject is one which cannot properly be tacked on to the more general view of the charm of pomp which we have endeavored to set before our readers.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.  
AT CHURCH IN THE WOODS.

FROM the dim blue distance, through the budding trees and over the wide hilly tract of sweet orange-blossomed furze, the sound of the bells from the village church is floating. The little old church stands

in the midst of a graveyard, in which every grave is bright with blazing tulips, pale primroses, and ruby velvet gilly-flowers. In the tall trees around the church the thrushes sing all through the Litany and sermon; in one corner of the brown wooden ceiling the climbing ivy has crept in, and its fresh, pale green shoots are clinging to the heavy rafters. But the pealing bells call in vain to the parish church to-day, when the whole world is one great, beautiful temple, from which each bursting blossom sends up its pure incense; where chorus after chorus of birds warbles forth harmonious anthems; through which the hum of unseen insects floats unceasingly, like distant organ music, and where sermons without words are preached by all things, great and small. “Thou seekest God beneath what Christian spire?” ask the church-goers, not in Dr. Holmes’s beautiful words, but in plain English, “What, not going to church? Shocking, shocking!” It is a case of Goethe’s

Kind, das wollte nie  
Zur Kirche sich bequemen,  
Und Sonntags fand es stets ein Wie  
Den Weg ins Feld zu nehmen.

The pity is that in these degenerate days no bell comes down from the belfry to overtake the deserter and bring him back to his cushioned pew.

Down among the oaks or beeches the Sunday service has begun long ago; it commenced when the water of the little brook which winds along, babbling and chattering, was all dyed pink and gold at four this morning, when the cuckoo called and the wood-pigeons cooed just after they awoke. It is an “all-day” service, and prayer and praise and preaching never cease. Clusters of light blue wild violets (sometimes one looks almost pink, it is so pale) are members of the silent part of the congregation; buttercups and daisies and curly tips of rough brown bracken, and close to the brook on their long straight stalks golden-crowned dandelions; dainty blackthorn blossoms, and, half hidden among the fluttering birch leaves, a stunted wild apple-tree. All the year round it looks old and crotchety; its leaves seem never to be fully developed, and lichens and grey mosses cling to its crooked stem and branches. In May, however, it is one mass of magnificent pink blossoms, and the bees and birds seek it and worship at this shrine of loveliness. The stroller in the wood pays homage from afar, for the apple-tree stands

in an enclosure where rabbits peep furtively out from under the bushes, and where violets look larger, and buttercups more golden, because they are out of reach. In the wide temple the text of at least one small part of the human congregation — all may choose their own texts — is taken from Hans Andersen's immortal fairy tales, which, in their unfading freshness and beauty, could have no better setting than this bright May-day scene : and visions of the "Dumb Book;" of old northern farmhouses, with daisies growing on the roof and elder blossoms sending their overpowering scent in at the low, small windows ; of fir-trees, storks, and swallows ; of old wrinkled men and women, laughing children, and dreaming youths and maidens, are conjured up, and the moral which the poet drew from the story of his own life, that "life is like a sea voyage towards a certain goal ; I stand at the helm, I have chosen my course, but God rules over storm and sea, and may ordain it otherwise ; and if it is so, it will be the best for me," is also the moral of the impressive Sunday service of nature, till the every-day world with its cares sinks back, and nothing remains except what Uhland expressed in his little poem "Sunday Morning : —

This is the Lord's own day.  
I stand alone in the wide field. . . .  
It is as if a multitude  
Knelt down and prayed with me.

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From *The Spectator.*

## THE PLEASURES OF TRAVEL.

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK, in the pleasant little volume which he has just issued on "The Pleasures of Life,"\* remarks on the difference between the notions attaching to travel in the days when travel was really travail, — *i.e.*, labor, — and in the present day, when it serves to suggest nothing but delightful associations. One may, however, doubt whether, even in the older sense of the word, when it was applied to the severe labor necessarily undertaken by the wayfarer, it did not also suggest the joy which that labor was expected to bring forth, the new life and breath in which that travail of soul and body would end. Even in the times when journeys were most laborious, it is obvious enough that those who were most worthy of travel enjoyed greatly its re-

sults. No one can doubt that Herodotus felt the most lively satisfaction in gratifying that keen and vigilant curiosity of his in watching the works, the manners, and the customs of various lands. Pliny, too, must have enjoyed his travels, though not exactly for the reasons for which we enjoy ours ; at least, there is very little indication in the Old World of that delight in nature as a vision of beauty, — apart from human customs, and apart, too, from the curiosities of nature, — which is so marked a feature of our own time. If we moderns can be said to travel chiefly from curiosity, a considerable extension must be given to the ordinary meaning of the word. No doubt the delight in change, the pleasure in seeing something new, is as vivid now as ever, and, so far, the motive which drove Herodotus to Egypt, and the motive which drove Mr. Kinglake in his youth to the East, may be regarded as identical. But, nevertheless, we seek this novelty now for a very different class of pleasures from those for which the ancient travellers appeared chiefly to look. We travel that the vague conceptions which we have already formed of the great landscapes and cities of the world may become vivid. The ancients looked at them chiefly with the curiosity of surprise, we with the curiosity of expectation. We want to know more distinctly what it is of which we have heard so much already ; they wanted to know what there was in the world of which they had never heard at all. And, undoubtedly, half the keenness of the modern delight in travel is due to the filling up of outlines indistinctly imagined ; and of that the ancients had comparatively little experience. As Sir John Lubbock remarks, whatever preparation we have made for travelling by reading vivid accounts and studying pictures of what we are to see, we always find something in the actual vision beyond what we had contemplated ; and he gives us a very perfect illustration of this : "Like every one else," he says, "I had read descriptions and seen photographs and pictures of the Pyramids. Their form is simplicity itself. I do not know that I could put into words any characteristic of the original for which I was not prepared. It was not that they were larger ; it was not that they differed in form, in color, or situation. And yet the moment I saw them, I felt that my previous impressions had been but a faint shadow of the reality. The actual sight seemed to give life to the idea." Well, that delight, the feeling that there is something in the reality for which

we were not at all prepared, is evidently one of those pleasures of travel which can only be enjoyed by those who are expecting something of which they have tried to form a distinct previous impression, and not by those who, so to say, grope their way through a world of which they have heard little and thought less. And, indeed, a very large part of the keenest pleasure of modern travel is the pleasure of vivifying a shadowy conception. In the old days, when even persons of quality, as they were called, read extremely little, the chief pleasure of travel for Englishmen and Englishwomen was to come to London and to compare their own impressions of that great capital with the traditions they had heard of it during their childhood and youth. Beauties of landscape had not then been sufficiently described to inspire a general wish to see them. Even at the time when the poet Gray visited the Lakes, he evidently regarded them with a certain alarm, owing to the very slender information about them then current. It was not till English men and women in numbers visited the Welsh and Cumberland Mountains, that English men and women in much greater numbers began to form impressions of those mountains and lakes, and, as a consequence, to wish for the opportunity of verifying those impressions for themselves. And so, too, it was with Switzerland and Italy. Those who made the "grand tour" themselves, inspired a certain wish in others to follow their example; but it was not till Byron and Shelley had made the reading public in general familiar with the impressions to be expected, that a regular flow of travellers set in towards the region which had thus begun to stir the popular imagination. In our belief, one of the greatest pleasures of life is the pleasure of an experience which much more than fulfils delightful anticipation. But it is evident, of course, that that pleasure is reserved for those who have had delightful anticipations to be fulfilled.

Another of the pleasures of travel to which Sir John Lubbock refers is the pleasure of getting home again; but that is only one of the many forms of pleasure which travel gives by the renovating touch with which it heals and stimulates all the overstrained nerves of our ordinary life. Nothing blots out so effectually the cares and worries of our regular duty as travel. Fill the mind with new scenes, and it is for the time quite unable to recall the pressure of the old anxieties. It is a strange magic in the eye which makes it

possible for change of scene temporarily to obliterate the deeply ingrained associations of the scene which needed changing. It is, of course, true in a sense that *Cælum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt*, but it is true only in a sense which is entirely consistent with this magic of the eye. Change of scene does not change the temper or the spirit in which the various aspects of life are met. But though it leaves the grumbler a grumbler still, and the selfish man selfish still, it does change all the particular trains of association by which the mind is beset, —relieves the pressure where the sense of pressure is hardest to bear; substitutes perhaps new annoyances for the old, but annoyances so different and so much less wearing, that to a mind at all trained to deny itself the luxury of discontent, they will seem more like pleasures than frets; and, in fact, it compels one to take up so many new postures of thought and feeling, that one can hardly even recall that aching of the exhausted thought for which travel is the remedy. Travel refreshes, not by putting a new mind and temper into us, but by raising such a number of new suggestions that the old thoughts and feelings are for a time intermitted, and permitted to regain their freshness and elasticity before they are set to work again. And this travel effects by turning all our energy into the channels of perception and imagination, and diverting it from those channels of practical responsibility in which, for the most part, human energy is bound to flow. Indeed, perhaps the best of all evidences that travel has done its work is the sigh of relief with which we get back to the old scenes and tasks. That is evidence that the mind has been long enough engaged in gazing and wondering, and that it is once more ready to slip into the old grooves of action, and to resume the old habits of practical work. And travel is the best of all changes, not merely because it gives us so many new visions, —one might obtain these in a much fainter form from books, —but because it liberates as effectually from all the most vivid reminders of wearing anxieties, because it shuts off the old stops at the same moment at which it opens the new, and because it continually varies the new stimulus so that the wind is always blowing from some fresh quarter. But, after all, the charm of travel is due chiefly to the wakefulness of the imagination opening new vistas wherever it has not been drugged to sleep by the droning of monotonous habits and

mechanical successions of thought. If travel did not awaken the imagination as nothing else awakens it, the mere flashing of new scenes upon the retina would be, of course, as useless to us as the passage of new pictures over the camera is useless to stir the camera into life. It is the vivid imagination to which the eye is the chief minister, that makes travel the delight and stimulus it is.

Sir John Lubbock quotes from Mr. Norman Lockyer the story of an old abbe who set out on his travels in the Rocky Mountains because when in the moment of death, as he thought, the angels had seemed to him to ask him how he liked the beautiful world he had left, and because thereupon he suddenly remembered that he knew nothing about it, having spent all his time in preaching to men about the other world. He then determined, if it should please God to restore him to health, to make real acquaintance with the world he lived in, before migrating to the world to which he had given so large a portion of his attention. Perhaps this story rather shows how little of a mere pleasure travel has actually been to some of us, than how much of a pleasure it might be. And, indeed, it is perfectly true that there are some natures to which the first wrench of a determination to travel is a very painful one, natures which hook themselves on so closely to the duties and responsibilities of life, that they are lost when contemplating the prospect of a temporary severance from those duties and responsibilities, and of being cast upon their perceptions and their imaginations for their chief interests. Probably the number of such persons amongst the cultivated classes is not large, but it is much larger among the old than among the young. As we grow less and less able to concentrate our dwindling stock of vitality on the work we have, we also grow less and less able to detach ourselves from it without anxiety, and without a vague illusion that it is a desertion of duty; and yet we need the refreshment and renovation of travel all the more, the less eager we are to avail ourselves of it. Travel for the old may be a useful medicine, where travel for the young is a draught of delight; yet the useful medicine may produce the more directly beneficial effect of the two. Nor does this admission amount to saying that travel may be more useful than pleasant in the case of the old, for it can hardly be useful unless it be pleasant also; and, indeed, even those who are most overcome by the

illusion that they cannot be spared from their work or their homes, find travel delightful enough the moment they have broken through that paralysis of habit which sometimes prevents them from making the effort to move. The old abbe doubtless enjoyed the Rocky Mountains with a real gusto the moment he had persuaded himself that the angels had given him a very broad hint to make acquaintance with the earth as it is. And it would be fortunate for many of us if we could persuade ourselves that we had received a hint of the same kind. For while the young are often unsettled by travel, and apt to be distracted from the true work of life, that is very rarely a serious danger to the old, who are saved by travel from getting so deeply sunk in ruts of dominant habit that they can no longer realize how limited their own experience has been. One of the greatest of the pleasures of travel to the old is the keen conviction it inspires, that whatever else may grow old within us, the imagination never loses its delight in realizing the beauty of the universe, — nay, takes more and more delight year by year in the grandeur of the greatest natural scenes, and the moods which that grandeur inspires.

From Nature.

#### COCOANUT PEARLS.

THE following letter has been sent to us by Dr. Sydney J. Hickson :—

During my recent travels in north Celebes I was frequently asked by the Dutch planters, and others, if I had ever seen a "coconut stone." These stones are said to be very rarely found (one in two thousand or more) in the perisperm of the cocoanut, and when found are kept by the natives as a charm against disease and evil spirits. This story of the cocoanut stone was so constantly told me, and in every case without any variation in its details, that I made every effort before leaving to obtain some specimens, and eventually succeeded in obtaining two.

One of these is nearly a perfect sphere, 14 mm. in diameter, and the other, rather smaller in size, is irregularly pear-shaped. In both specimens the surface is worn nearly smooth by friction. The spherical one I have had cut into two halves, but I can find no concentric or other markings on the polished cut surfaces.

Dr. Kimmins has kindly submitted one

half to a careful chemical analysis, and finds that it consists of pure carbonate of lime without any trace of other salts or vegetable tissue.

I should be very glad if any of your readers could inform me if there are any of these stones in any of the museums, or if there is any evidence beyond mere hearsay for their existence in the perisperm of the cocoanut.

On this letter Mr. Thiselton Dyer, to whom we sent it, has been good enough to make the following remarks : —

Dr. Hickson's account of the calcareous concretions occasionally found in the central hollow (filled with fluid — the so-called "milk") of the endosperm of the seed of the cocoanut is extremely interesting. It appears to me a phenomenon of the same order as tabasheer, to which I recently drew attention in this journal.

The circumstances of the occurrence of these stones or "pearls" are in many respects parallel to those which attend the formation of tabasheer. In both cases, mineral matter in palpable masses is withdrawn from solution in considerable volumes of fluid contained in tolerably large cavities in living plants — and in both instances they are monocotyledons.

In the case of the cocoanut pearls the material is calcium carbonate, and this is well known to concrete in a peculiar manner from solutions in which organic matter is also present.

In my note on tabasheer I referred to the reported occurrence of mineral concretions in the wood of various tropical dicotyledonous trees. Tabasheer is too well known to be pooh-poohed ; but some of my scientific friends expressed a polite incredulity as to the other cases. I learn, however, from Professor Judd, F.R.S., that he has obtained a specimen of apatite found in cutting up a mass of teak wood. The occurrence of this mineral under these circumstances has long been recorded ; but I have never had the good fortune to see a specimen.

Returning to cocoanut pearls, I send you a note which the *Tropical Agriculturist* for April last quotes from the *Straits Times* : —

"A trade journal appearing in Java gives the following particulars regarding a peculiar kind of pearl found in this part of the world. It is well known that pearls have been met with within oysters and mussels. Sometimes even trees yield

pearls. In the proceedings of the Boston Society of Natural History, there is a paper by Mr. J. Bacon regarding the kind of pearls often found within cocoanuts. The specimens shown have been bought at Singapore. They are said to be so rare in the East Indies as to be highly prized by the native rajahs, and worn by them as precious stones. Mr. Bacon himself possessed a small pearl of this sort. It is said that when allowed to grow, they will reach the size of cherries. This pearl resembles the common variety in smoothness, whiteness, and scant lustre of surface. It is harder than it, and almost as hard as feldspar or opal. The common pearl varies in hardness, but is never harder than feldspar. The cocoanut pearl consists of carbonate of lime, with very few organic substances remaining after treatment with acid solutions. This organic matter is insoluble, shows no trace of vegetable substances after microscopical examination, and seems to be akin to albumen in structure. In the common pearl there is also found an albuminous substance, but the latter remains unchanged in appearance and lustre even after the calcareous constituent parts have been dissolved away. In other respects microscopical research has brought out the fact that the cocoanut pearl is formed of concentric layers without any nucleus. The whole mass is made up of layers of fine crystalline fibres. Professor Bleekrode, in commenting on the former in a Dutch scientific periodical, says that Rumphius, the famous botanist, had, in his "Herbarium Amboinense," given full particulars of this petrification in the cocoanut. Rumphius has even illustrated his account of it by accompanying drawings of the two forms in which this kind of pearl is met with — pear-shaped and round, either of uniform appearance or with red edges. Hardly one in a thousand cocoanuts on the average displays this strange peculiarity. The formation of the latter is always a remarkable phenomenon, hard to account for, from the water in the nuts generally lacking the chemical substances favoring abnormal growth of the kind. Rumphius states for a fact that cocoanuts from Macassar yield more pearls than those from other places. This scientist, in 1682, sent, as a present to the grand duke of Tuscany, a ring in which a cocoanut pearl had been set. Similar pearl-like formations are met with in other East Indian fruits, such as the waringin, the pomegranate, and the kechubong."

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